

GRINNELL COLLEGE



Alumni Recitation Hall

Application for admission to Grinnell College in September 1925 should be made as soon as possible. Application may be made immediately by high-school and preparatory-school students who have completed three years of high-school or preparatory-school work. Reservation of accommodations in Men's Hall and the Women's Quadrangle should be made immediately. Full information, and application blanks, will be sent on request, address

GRINNELL COLLEGE, Dept M - Grinnell, Iowa

Ben Franklin

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SPIRIT OF SPRING

by
M.L.M.

OUT ON THE HILL TOP, UP IN THE TREES
YOUNG PAN PLAYS WITH THE SPRINGTIME BREEZE
MERRILY ALWAYS DOES HE SING
PAN IS THE ETERNAL SPIRIT OF SPRING



Literary



AN OVATION TO SPRING

To Spring—
To all her glories,
Her joys, her youth,
To that ecstatic herald of gilded Summer,
We offer our sincerest
Welcome
With the genuine hope
That when our days of youthful pleasure
Are fading into Life's past,
We, like Spring, may
Count our services,
And realize that we
Have helped create at least a bit
Of the joy, the love, the tender songs,
In the hearts of man and bird,
That Spring has done.

PROGRESS

"The whole thing is absurd on the face of it. Why on earth did we ever start on such a wild trip!" The dingy coach jerked, hesitated, and came to another stop.

"But," rejoined his companion, "Jackson assured us that it was really so, and Jackson is the dependable kind. You know, Bob, he wouldn't invent such a story just for the telling."

"I know," replied the other, "if we hadn't had such implicit faith in Jackson we would never have started. 'I wonder,' he mused, 'if it really is true. It doesn't seem possible that in this age of flappers, flippers, and cocktails there could be a place like Jackson's 'Old Village,' that, according to him, hasn't changed since the Civil War.'"

"I wouldn't be surprised at anything up in these hills. And we go twenty miles by stage after we leave the railroad. Old Village is going to be a variation, anyway."

The two travelers, after a hectic stage ride through the Louisiana hills, drew near to Old Village. From the last slope they caught a glimpse of the old southern home with their massive columns and wide gardens. As they bumped along the main street, they observed the neat board sidewalk, the false fronts of the stores with the hitching rails in front.

As they alighted at the inn, Bob glanced down the street and excitedly pulled Harry's coat. "Look! Look!" he exclaimed. "Look at that girl's skirt—it's a hoop skirt! And the bonnet with the flowers! See what a queer hat that fellow has that is with her—that funny coat and those tight fitting pants. Well, I'll be—"

"Yes," observed Harry, "Jackson was right."

The travelers, fatigued with their long journey, eagerly retired to their room at nightfall. From their room they could see the broad fields of cotton illumined by the moonlight. Directly across from the inn a fragrant magnolia half hid the balcony of an old mansion. Bob saw a figure vault the wooden fence and cautiously approach the balcony. He was carrying something under his arm. He adjusted it and began strumming. Bob could hear the sweet strains of an old melody. "Huh," he grunted, "serenades and everything," and he went to bed.

The Quill

Several days later they attended what the inhabitants termed a dance. Bob had read of one something like it once. He thought it was in a historical novel. The young men and women proficiently did the Virginia Reel. The Colonels, yes, every man over fifty had a military title, imbibed juleps and puffed oversized cigars that they called cheroots.

Harry wondered if the people realized how far behind they were in the onward march of civilization. One day he asked one of them. "Yes," he was told, "we know we aren't up to the minute in all particulars. We don't aim to be. We treasure the traditions of the Old South and we are all happy. You don't hear much grumbling. Now and then some young fellow will leave and go to the city, but otherwise we get on very tolerably."

Bob was at first frankly cynical. It was just a slow burg that was still voting for Jeff Davis. But one day he met Margaret Deane with her twinkling dark eyes and quaint little bonnet. Bob soon grew to admire the restful and quiet atmosphere of the town. He wished he had taken guitar instead of saxophone lessons. Life shouldn't be a mad rush and scramble. Margaret was so delightfully old fashioned and they needed a bookkeeper at the feed store.

A month had passed since their arrival in Old Village. Harry and Bob, taking their morning stroll, saw Margaret come tripping out of her yard and call Bob. She was carrying a book in her hand. From a distance it looked like the hymnal.

An hour later Harry returned to the inn. Bob was carrying both his and Harry's bags to the stage. "Why, Bob," he began.

"I'm going back to New York, and I supposed you would go too."

"Why, of course, but what on earth—"

"Oh! nothing, just sick of this place."

The next day they were on the "flyer" to Kansas City. Harry was puzzled. Finally he said, "Bob, what was the trouble?"

"Oh!" he replied, "she asked me for a word with nine letters, that meant profit, and ended with nt."

Modernism had entered Old Village.

Paul Cotton, '25.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Literary Department wishes to announce to the students of East High a Short Story Contest. The purpose of this contest is not only to benefit our department, but also to stimulate any possible literary genius which may dwell in some of our students. The story entered must be not more than 750 words in length, and must follow the requirements of a short story. Anyone in East High School, excepting the members of the Quill Staff, is eligible for entrance into this contest. All stories should be put into the Quill box in the office by April 15th. Two prizes will be offered—the first, \$2.50 in cash, and the second, a subscription to the Quill for the year 1925-6. The story winning first prize will be published in the Commencement issue of the Quill.



TO THE BASKETBALL TEAM

Life is a floor all marked with bounds
And the rules of the game are easy at sound,
But the test of the player is not only to score,
It's "do all that's expected, and a little bit more!"

Oh, boy! but it's tough when the game goes punk
And you lose all your pep, and kind of flunk;
When they all cheer the winner, keep your feet on the floor
And "do all that's expected, and a little bit more."

Stay with your man, though a little bit rough,
Some good stiff playing will call his bluff;
Suppose you do take a hard flop on the floor,
Just "do all that's expected and a little bit more."

Is the game, as you play it, a little "goat-getter"?
Remember, each battle makes you somewhat better;
And e'en though defeat has been with you before
It's "do all that's expected, and a little bit more."

The victory's not always to the one who is strong,
But oft to the one who meets defeat with a song;
So say that it's fun, and you've been there before,
"Do all that's expected, and a little bit more."

Elizabeth Lambé, '27.

SMILES

Did you ever think, O friends of mine, just what a smile will do! How a bright smile and cheery "Hello" will brighten the face of someone in trouble and make the day shorter for one whose life is heavily burdened! Don't think you haven't the time to speak; you have. It takes only a moment to smile and speak, while the appreciation will more than repay you. Smiles are so cheap that numerous ones can be given and not missed at all, for the supply will never run out. From the sour looks some people wear, one would think they were afraid that their faces would crack if their mouths turned up instead of down, and their eyes twinkled and shone; but it won't hurt, at least not after the first time.

It doesn't matter whether you are tall or short when you smile, because it isn't the size of the person that counts, it's just the size of the smile.

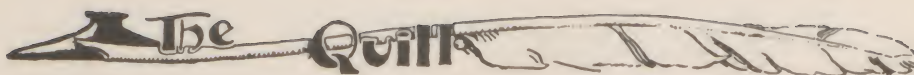
Smile at the people you see today; you may never see them again. A smile and a word at the right time may win you a friend that you'll need; while the absence of a needed smile may lose you a friend. Of smiles and friends you can never have too many. You may have numerous friends, but think of others who do not and who truly need them. A smile may give them courage.

It isn't enough just to greet the people you see every day; make the stranger feel at home and think that even if he has left many friends behind him, here are new friends waiting for him.

Don't smile mechanically, but greet your friends as if you were really glad to see them. Don't wait for the other fellow to speak first; he may be waiting for you. So the next time you see a familiar face smile and say "Hello."

"Smile and the world smiles with you."

Hilda McMillan, '25.



TALES THE TROPHY CASE TOLD

A most innocent and respectful onlooker of the front corridor society is the Trophy Case.

For many moons I have studied the students individually and in groups, trying to find the real character of my associates. My most careful research did not reveal the long sought for material. I had few friends in whom I wished to confide. It would seem queer to consult the faculty, although they are well versed in the matter. Knowing few other people of intellect, I was perplexed.

Lingering in the front corridor one unusually quiet period, I heard a wee voice accost me, "Why the furrow on thy brow, oh damsel?"

Oh, indeed, it was no other than the Trophy Case speaking. A sudden thought came to me. The Trophy Case of all people would know the latest news. He is very neutral towards the students, so it took very little prompting before he would tell me the many things I wanted to know.

I first asked him if all those attractive looking girls who stopped to gaze into the depth of his glistening eyes were admiring the trophies won by former heroes of East High.

"Indeed, no!" he reassured me. "They stop to see if their hair is parted evenly, or their nose is the least bit shiny."

"And how about the youths who deign a casual glance as they stroll by? Surely we have some who are interested in what they or their friends have won for the school by untiring effort."

"Do not make me think of them," moaned the Trophy Case. "'Collegiate' men think of nothing but their appearance. The athletes care only for the glory of the victory, or are too shy to glance this way."

After a few more such questions and answers, he began to understand that I, too, was interested in the behavior of the students. Without much ado he talked on.

"I see poor bewildered freshmen, rushing pell mell after each other down the hall, not knowing what to do, or when to do it. It is a shame they must go through that gawky stage."

"The sophomores pass me by with their blase air. They never take a very prominent part in the life of the school. It is all pleasure for them."

"Juniors walk along sedately, for the cares of the school weigh heavily upon them. They take their responsibilities very seriously."

"Stately seniors, who—"

At this point, the assembly room doors were thrown open and the surging mob poured forth. After a whispered "more later," from the Trophy Case, I joined the crowd.

Elizabeth Milner, '27.

THE HOUR BEFORE DAWN

The hour before dawn is a magic hour—

When the soul is as bare as the moody star;

Prayers fall from the lips as gently as the dew from heaven.

And one feels the presence of a Friend—

Who thrills the heart with gentle blessings,

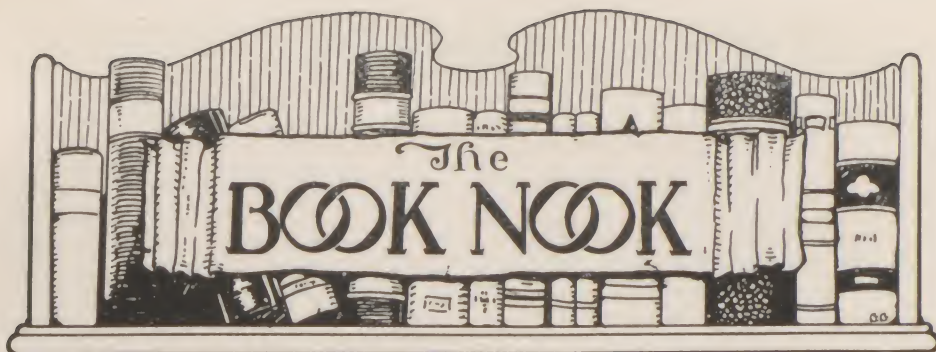
And words of faith and hope—

Until the tired soul of man feels the joy of living throbbing throughout his being.

And when the golden sun glorifies the earth,

He takes his pack of care, and steps into the day with a lighter heart.

Rosabelle Houston, '26.



"And Spring the fair, the lovable,
The flowery maid of Father Time."

If Tennyson will pardon our poor parody! In the spring 'tis well known that the young man's fancy turns (lightly or otherwise) to that quality known as love, and perhaps the quantity is there also. But no one seems to know whether the said Y. M. ever falls in love during the other seasons of the year. Probably not, which gives more power to spring.

Speaking of young men (and incidentally love) if only they would make a list of the books from which they quote their free verse, I wouldn't even try to write this, but since not one of them would oblige me, I went to the City Library and found some verse myself.

"The Little Book of Modern Verse" edited by Jessie Rittenhouse is one book which I think contains the most interesting collection of "best verse" to be found. There are several other books of modern verse, but I like Miss Rittenhouse's collection the best. Especially is it nice for spring reading when one tires of the stuff required for English. (I did enjoy those bird poems, didn't you?)

A very new, and very amusing book of verse written by A. A. Milne for the youngest of the younger generation has just been cataloged in the Library. "When We Were Very Young" is its interesting title, and the contents and "pictures too" make it just as interesting and much more amusing than it sounds.

If you don't like to be amused, try Christopher Morley. Nothing under the Equitable tower ever made me so positively thankful as his poem, "To the Little House," and then those lovely ones about "My Lady," and oh, yes, the funny Chinesey ones.

Perhaps you blase Seniors are quite on speaking terms with Carl Sandburg, but I do so like his "Chicago Poems" and "Smoke and Steel." Did you read "Monotone" (from "Star Points," a book of collected verse)?

A little girl has had her verse published in a book called "The Janitor's Boy and Other Poems." I liked "The Vacant Lot," which tells how the "Janitor's Boy and me had planned a lovely bungalow" in the vacant lot which was "Eden once upon a time" until some men came with carts and horses and "dumped their brick and mortar in our little paradise." I think that Nathalia Crane (the little author) is so much more easy to understand than Hilda Conkling, the girl who startled the world a few years ago with her somewhat free verse.

I like to read Henry Newbolt's "Sea Songs," and most boys will enjoy them too. I was first attracted to them through a verse contributed to the Poetry Corner of the Sunday Register sometime ago, entitled "Messmates." If you read it, do you remember that plaintive bit,

"If through all the long watch he's keeping there,
And the long cold night that lags a-creeping there,
The voices of sailor-men shall comfort him
When the great ships go by,"

M. L. M., '24.



AN INCIDENT OF THE SHOP

Down the street, past the bakery and the cheap moving picture house, was a building which informed all, by a sign on the front, that it was "Joe's Loan Office—We treat you square." The painter evidently had no knowledge of the adverb nor its spelling. To him "square" meant the same as squarely.

It was a cold winter's evening. The stars were shining brightly over the world of striving cities. The fitful wind threw snow in the faces of the mass of homeward bound people, and, when it caught them unawares, pushed snow on them from the roof tops.

The shops were all closed for the night, and the display windows were brilliantly lighted, reminding one of the great bargains that might be had. The proprietor of the loan office had closed his shop early. Soon the crowd grew less and less until but a few solitary people could be seen on the streets.

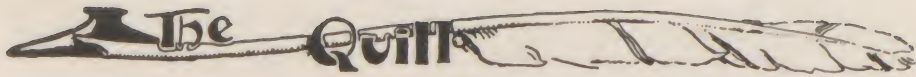
The pawn shop windows were filled with articles marked "Unredeemed." In one window was all the jewelry. In the other were miscellaneous articles, such as alarm clocks, canes, kodaks, knives and musical instruments. In the left corner of this window was a violin, a Cremona model, which differed from the other instruments, in that it had nothing to do with them. By virtue of its age, its history, and value, it was a patrician. The other silly modern things were plebians. While the nonsensical rabble in the window slept, the patrician kept watch and thought. It liked the quiet in the evening.

The silence made the Cremona think of the great hush that descended on the expectant audience when its owner touched its strings with his bow. Then always followed the great applause. But that was all over now and beautiful sounds came not from its strings any more. Its artistic master wasted his money and soon was so deeply in debt that he had to sell everything that he might live. Everything except the violin. Finally that had to go as the other things had. The proprietor of the pawnshop had allowed but a small sum of money on it. That was five years ago, and, since its owner had never returned, it had been placed in the window. No one could pay the price asked for it, so it had remained.

A metal vase, very highly polished, stood on a shelf above the violin. Because the vase had threatened to punish the violin for its aristocratic ways, the instrument hated and feared it. On one side of the Cremona was a grinning Chinese mandarin, on the other, several violins of inferior quality. A guitar and mandolin were in another corner. Beside them snored a drum and an accordion. Two clocks, one silver and one brass, ran each other a race in chiming the hour. Several swords gleamed defiance at the unfriendly violin. A kodak, a cane, a gaudy string of beads, and some knives finished the inventory. That is, almost. In that corner was a cat. A real, live, yellow cat curled up on a green silk cushion. Kitty had a temper. She glanced up from watching the street and saw the mouse. It was sitting beside the polished vase, impudently making faces at the fat glossy cat.

Kitty had stalked that mouse for days, all in vain. Mousie was too clever. Kitty's temper got the better of her caution. Furiously the cat dashed after the mouse. Onto the shelf, over the vase, into the chandelier, then out again. Around the cash register, under a chair. The Cremona glanced nervously at the evil grinning mandarin, then back to the chase. It was apprehensive, nervous. Back to the shelf came the pursued and pursuer. Into a basket, over a clock, to the end of the shelf. Off jumped the mouse. Off went the cat, over the vase. Crash! The sound of metal falling on wood resounded, and a threat was fulfilled. The violin was in a hundred pieces.

Salome Minetor, '26.



TRAGEDY AVERTED

"If we lose this race I'll—I'll—"

"Well, what will you do, Bill?" asked Fred Dowens, of his friend. Bill had red hair, a smile for everyone and an impulsive nature that was constantly getting him into strange and unlooked-for difficulties. The two boys were attending the state track meet and a victory would mean—oh, what does a victory ever mean? But this special event decided the state championship team and it was Bill's senior year at Bolder High School. The two fellows were sitting among a group of the "gang" all yelling lustily for the Purple and White.

"I'll not wear my tie or collar for—"

"Six years," interposed Fred.

"No, for—"

"Don't make it too hard on him. He's likely to want to get married before the six years would be up, and they'd surely think him a lunatic if he wasn't properly dressed at that time," said John Arnold.

"Anyway, I won't wear my collar or tie for two weeks," added Bill decisively.

"Aw, heck! I thought it was going to be interesting. Two weeks—why not make it two hours? Just about as exciting."

Bolder High lost the meet and as usual after a defeat Bill went home a glowering spirit of gloom. He tramped heavily up the front steps and was met by his sister, Betty. She was a year his senior and had come home from college that week-end, bringing with her a bevy of school chums. Bill had been away all afternoon, so knew nothing about it.

"Oh, Bill! At last you've come. Hurry and change your clothes. We're having company for dinner, so do hurry!—and oh, for pity's sake wear a black tie, not one of the dazzling purple ones you've been favoring us with. Hurry, please!"

"Aw—who's coming?"

"It's a secret! Go on! Do hurry!"

Bill clumped upstairs. His kid brother, affectionately called "Tommy Bumps," presented himself unannounced in Bill's room and proceeded to disclose all the information he knew about the fair visitors. Bill was not in a listening mood, but was thinking frantically of how he could go down to dinner without a collar or tie. He at last decided that Fred or others of the gang would not be there, so they would never know if he did break his word.

"And, oh, yes!" cried Tommy, trying desperately to arouse Bill into a more conversational state of mind, "Betty invited Fred and John and all of them tonight and I can't go down nor—"

"Aw, shut up, willya!" growled Bill—then at the words of his small brother began to impress themselves on his hitherto unheeding brain, he cried, "Whaja say? Fred and John?"

"I don't say things twice, Mr. Smarty!"

"Tell me!" threatened Bill, but the sound of Tommy Bumps' scampering steps down the hall was all the answer he received.

After about twenty minutes of wondering what Tommy meant; whether to wear a tie or not; and what was the use of it, anyway, he heard Fred's voice downstairs. "Oh, heck!" Bill glanced at the mirror for one last look before he sent his collar and tie whirling to the opposite corner of the room.

Bill slowly descended the stairs wondering distractedly what to do. If he could only speak to his sister—he must do it somehow. He tiptoed to the doorway and looked in—yes, there was Betty talking animatedly to John Arnold and there were



four or five girls in the room talking to some young men—who were all immaculately attired, and worst of all, his closest friends. He looked again and oh, horrors! Fred turned around. In his excitement Bill jumped backwards onto a small rug which slipped and Bill fell very ungracefully to the floor. But luckily for him, someone had started the Victrola and his mishap remained unknown a few minutes longer. Again he ventured near the doorway and this time Fred did see him, and called, "Oh, Bill! Come on in!" By this time everyone was looking at him. What would he do? What could he do?

He entered.

"Oh, Bill!" was his sister's tragic greeting, her face expressing the amazement that her voice could not.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" All Bill could hear was a chorus of "Ohs" from everyone, then Fred "Well, old man, what's wrong? You look rather—"

"William Ashworth Anderson, why I'm perfectly horrified at the way you look! Oh, girls, what will you think of us?" cried Betty.

By this time Fred had Bill by the shoulders and had turned him around squarely, face to face with his own image in a mirror. His hair stood up at right angles with his head, making a topknot of flaming color. His collar and tie were hopelessly missing, in his hurry and flurry he was in his bedroom slippers, and, added to all this, his suit was stained very noticeably with red blotches.

What would he do?

What could he do?

Just then was heard in the hall, "Tommy Anderson, what did you mean by spilling all that red ink on the hall floor?" The maid finished these remarks by taking the giggling Tommy to the kitchen.

"Oh, Bertha, did you see Bill fall down? He—he—he looked funny all right. I don't care, I'm glad I did spill that old ink. I bet he don't tell me to shut up any more," came from the kitchen in a tone of voice unmistakably Tommy's.

Bill looked at Fred so utterly dejectedly that Fred's heart softened to such a degree that he explained the reason for the missing collar and tie. The fall caused the disheveled state of his hair, and Tommy's carelessly spilled ink caused the red spots on his clothes, while pure absent mindedness on his part was the only excuse for the bedroom slippers.

Fred solved the problem by telling him to borrow a collar and tie from his father—at least, then he would not be wearing his own. Bill had caught a glimpse of a pair of laughing black eyes in the room, so he hurriedly ascended the stairs and changed his apparel. He came down again, this time correctly dressed—the only thing that could be at all criticized was that his collar didn't fit perfectly, but the laughing black eyes promised to overlook that fact, so William Ashworth Anderson was at last allowed to enjoy himself.

NIGHT AND DAY

When the evening softly dawns,
Through the closing portal,
Moon and stars keep shining,
Over all things mortal.

Then slowly over the mountain peaks,
The sun begins to shine,
Arousing all the birds and bees,
Awaking all mankind.

Maurine Gustason, '26.



Freshmen



WHY I WANTED TO COME TO EAST HIGH SCHOOL

One of my most cherished ambitions is to attend college. Because I must have the important stepping stone of a high school education to be admitted to college, I wanted to go to East High School.

If I were to go to work, I would find it almost impossible to obtain a good position unless I had at least a high school education.

If I haven't an education I won't be able to have a good standing in the societies, clubs, and other activities of school.

It is said that a high school education is worth thirty-three thousand dollars and that the income of the average high school graduate is twenty-two hundred dollars a year.

So I will complete my education in order to make it possible for me to become a useful and prosperous woman.

Mary Louise Hearshman.

OPINIONS OF EAST HIGH—SIGHTS UNSEEN

"Just two more weeks of happiness and then—East High. Why, Reddy, you can't even find your own classrooms up there, and Sis says—"

"Well, that's nothing," Reddy interrupted, "My big brother says by the time you climb the steps from the basement to the fifth floor, you're so tired you just fa—"

"Yes, but just imagine any teacher, if you can, giving so many lessons that you fall asleep—I mean you're sick for two weeks after—" interrupted Jack.

"Well, I know that, but my cousin says—"

"Say, Reddy, are you sure you're telling me the truth?"

"Well of course I am. My big cousin told me. Don't you think he knows? He's a junior."

By the time Jack reached home, his thoughts of East High were such as must never be put down on paper—in the vicinity of this school building, for he couldn't even bear the thought of going to school the next morning.

When he started to school, it was with the dearest of spirits and he at once vowed he would never come back again after he was sixteen.

* * *

"Rah! Rah! East High! Yea bo! Now come on all together," yelled Jack himself.

"Oh, we're gonna win some more, some more, we're gonna win so—"

"Who is making all the noise back here?"

"Reddy!" came from Jack.

"Jack!" came from Reddy.

"Where have you been keeping yourself?" asked Jack, wild with excitement.

"I just started to an out of town school, about eight weeks ago, but I couldn't resist the temptation of coming over and rooting for East just once. By the way, Reddy, how do you like the school?"

The Quill

"We made the most serious mistake in our lives when we decided to hate this school, for try hard as I could, I couldn't help liking it. You can consider yourself lucky, Reddy, I have only one more year to go and you have two. I'm trying to put graduation as far away from myself as I possibly can."

And the rooting went on.

Lillian Ancher.

A STRANGE VISION

I dreamed one night that I saw all the things I had ever learned in English come to life. The subject and predicate came out hand in hand, but when they separated they both fell down because neither can stand alone and mean anything. Next the prepositional phrase came out. He was introduced by Mr. Preposition, who seemed to be a privileged character because he can modify both verbs and nouns. Mr. Appositive came in on equal terms with one of the noun family. A frisky young fellow on stilts whom I recognized as a gerund came on the platform and after him a dangling participle came sauntering in. The next family to appear was the clauses. One wore a tall silk hat on which an introductory conjunction roosted. He was A. Noun Clause. His mischievous little brother seemed to be in the habit of running away because he had been carefully tied to his antecedent. Then a merry party began and they made so much noise that I woke and found myself sleeping over my English notebook.

Katherine Holt.

RUBBERS OR GALOSHES

Now is the time when galoshes hold full sway. Every time you go down the street you see them everywhere, it seems. Even though they are a fad, I can at times see their disadvantages. They are big, clumsy, awkward things. It takes a long time to get them on, and it takes still longer to get them off. You can hear them coming half a mile away, "Flip, flop, flip, flop."

Now compare them with the ordinary rubbers; rubbers may not be very stylish, but they are handy to have, because they can be put on and taken off quickly. They are inexpensive and neat looking. In fact, to hear my mother tell it, they are the only thing to buy—but I bought a pair of galoshes yesterday.

Meleva Hellums.

ADVICE TO A FRESHMAN

On first coming to this most illustrious building, East High, you, a freshman, should know already what to do and when to do it, for to ask any person a question would be admitting that you are not only slightly, but very, green.

You should first learn thoroughly the elevator stops (the red lights in the assembly room and elsewhere) so that you can get to any part of the building on short notice, though you may take your time afterwards in finding classrooms. Learn to bluff well, so that you can be in practice for any subject; learn to chew gum by practicing at least five periods a day for four years; join at least four high school fraternities and then take as many school offices as possible, though few are open to freshmen. If you follow no other rule, follow this: Do not study a single lesson, because the school gives a monogram to each student who graduates in four years and flunks every study he has taken. You must never under any circumstances ask a teacher a question, for this would betray your lack of study. Never ask another freshman a question, for, to save his own reputation, he will laugh at you, and never ask an upper classman a question for, though he may answer it, he will tell all his friends about "the green little freshie that asked me such a foolish question." I think if any freshman will follow these directions religiously he will—well, I must be honest this once—he will get his reward, but not in East High School.

Harold Kellogg.



Sophomores



EXCELSIOR

With Humble Apologies to the late H. W. Longfellow

The sun shone bright on that great day
When we, as freshmen, made our way
To East High, class of '27,
And in our hearts this motto woven,
Excelsior!

With faltering steps we slowly passed
To rooms wherein our lots were cast—
Beyond, the spectral four years shone,
And from our lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Think not you'll pass," the sophomore said,
"Large loom the lessons on ahead,
With Math. and English tests to try."
But now we're sophs ourselves, and cry,
Excelsior!

"Oh, stay," the juniors say, "and rest
Just where you are, 'twere far the best
To you the door of learning's shut,
For in your heads is nothing but
Excelsior."

The seniors tell us to beware;
There's many a pitfall, many a snare
Between us and the goal we crave,
But still we shout in accent brave,
Excelsior!

Now, as we on and upward climb,
We vow, though poorly told in rhyme,
As freshmen's feet come pattering,
We'll ease their path by scattering
Excelsior.

Ruth Loizeaux.

WHAT TO DO TO BE A CLEAN SPORTSMAN

To be a good clean sport and play the game fairly is an accomplishment not won in a day. It takes training from youth, regular clean habits, a good diet, plenty of rest, and, above all, perfect control of yourself. Baseball is one of my favorite sports, but I have found that I've had to be courteous to my opponents, and play fairly with all concerned.

Baseball has taught me to think quickly so I can know the best place to throw the ball. It has helped me to know that I must accept a decision, although it hurts if I think it has not been fair. To stand by the captain, back the team, accept defeat graciously and always do my best, is my one big aim in the sports I enjoy.

William Kirble.



ADVICE TO A FRESHMAN

Are you a freshman in East High, and do you imagine that the other students think themselves superior to you? If so, I know that all upper classmen welcome you and want your assistance in all work undertaken by the school. Did it ever occur to you that the seniors who are now graduating, the pupils who take such splendid part in plays, and those who lead the school in all activities, once entered as freshmen? Some day, although you once tried to take the elevator to the third floor, or to buy tickets to the assembly, you may be one of the many leaders in the school affairs. Now is the time to begin your career in East High. While here, you need not work all the time, for you can attend assemblies planned for your benefit; you can go to noon programs, which are many times conducted by the students; or you may attend the football games. My only advice is to keep working at your own problems, and at the same time prepare yourself for the duties of a club president or the undertaking of a service for your school and you will some day rise to fill the place.

Helen McGlothlen.

HOW TO HELP OTHERS

It seems to me that to help others is a very noble deed. Many people say they are either too busy or else have not the means to do so, but that is not true, for I believe that if they really think of the matter earnestly, they will soon lose themselves in their work and find time and means. I hope I can truthfully say that the number of kind people in the city of Des Moines is greater than the number of unkind people by a large majority. I think that the work which has been done by our Associated Charities undoubtedly proves this point. I am lucky to say that I have never had the need to be an inmate of a hospital; nevertheless, I can imagine the joy that an invalid has when a visitor comes to see him. That is one thing you can do to make others happy. There are numberless things which can be done to help others, and if people would practice the Golden Rule more frequently, there would be more peace and quiet throughout the world. Therefore, I repeat, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," thereby extinguishing the ancient law, "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," and putting in its place a good turn for a good turn.

Dorothy Friedman.

THE THOUGHTS OF A NOTEBOOK

Well, here I am, slammed down again upon the same untidy table which I meet every night. My owner never gives me breathing space. I am nearly choked with papers. Why, there are sheets of paper in me that my owner had when she was in grade school.

I have heard her mother say so often, "Jennie, why don't you clean off that table? I am so ashamed of it." To which Jennie usually answers, "Oh, mother, I will tomorrow, I just don't have time now." But for her tomorrow never comes.

One day I spoke to her Latin book about her untidiness. He said, "Well, it's the same way with me. My back is broken, and I have pencil marks all over me where Jennie has marked down her assignments. She never steps off the car without dropping me or my friend, Algebra."

Some day I think I shall organize a strike in which all books will refuse to teach the students anything until they have learned the proper care of us.

Here comes my owner now. She is angry because she can't find her English, which she threw inside my covers with all the rest of her lessons. Some day when I am all gone and Jennie needs me badly, maybe she will appreciate me more.

Carolyn Short.



ROBIN

The robin comes back in the Springtime,
He sings us a song of cheer;
He sings of the jolly old Summer,
That comes to us once a year.

The robin brings Springtime and sunshine,
He brightens sadness and gloom;
He'll sing till the Summer is dawning,
And flowers are all in bloom.

Selma Carlson.

MY FIRST CAKE

Making my first cake was a trying process, or, if making it wasn't, eating it was. My brother and I were bachelors at the time and, being six years the older, he was the gentleman of the house and I was the lady. In other words, he made the dough which I kneaded. I could cook such things as meat and potatoes fairly well, but anything like cakes, pies, or cookies that we had, came from the corner grocery. This became tiresome after about a year, and as my brother was of marriageable age, rather good looking, and not at all backward, I began to fear losing my job. Finally, one morning after filling him up on bakery doughnuts, I decided to try my luck at baking a cake. I went over to get a neighbor lady to help me, but as she wasn't at home I had to go it alone.

Everything which I had ever heard of anyone putting in a cake, I had in mine. I know I had walnuts, because I nearly choked on a piece of shell. I don't know whether the oven was rebellious at the sudden disturbance after such a prolonged idleness, or what it was, but at any rate the bottom of my cake burned before the top was done. This didn't bother me, however; I simply turned it over in the pan and cooked it upside down awhile. A large cake of baker's chocolate, melted and smeared on thick, made an icing which hardened wonderfully.

When my brother came home that evening he helped advertise my baking abilities by bringing his girl with him. They managed to eat the cake without saying anything, but afterwards, when my brother asked me what it was and I told him angel food cake, he said it tasted more like devil's food to him.

After dinner I saw that he had something on his mind, so at his request, like a good little boy, I voluntarily left the house. When I returned he was wearing a broad smile and I assure you he didn't smile any more than I did when he told me he had engaged a new cook, and the engagement was to be a short one.

Bernard Hibbs.

HOW TO MAKE A CAKE

I am going to tell you how to make a keen looking cake. I will begin at the top. Have slick vaselined hair, very long sideburns, and a classy looking cap. Have a gray suit with a fancy handkerchief in its pocket. Have the trousers of the suit a foot or so wide at the bottom, and long enough just to touch the floor. Have good-looking light tan oxfords. I think you will be a very good-looking "cake."

Rowena Grimes.



RESOLUTION

Our studies for nineteen twenty-four
Are entered in the book—
They are a photograph of us—
I wonder how we look!

Each day's report contributed
A feature good or bad,
And if we didn't do our best,
We're wishing now we had.

But wishing is a fruitless waste
Of any student's time;
A "will to win" at any cost
Is what fills the dotted line.

Now some of us are medium
And some of us excel;
So, some of us look excellent
While others look like—well—

We all might make a photograph—
A "movie on the run,"
If in the morning, we would say
"Today, it shall be done."

So let's attack the coming year
And a "way and means" contrive
To really "bring the bacon home"
In nineteen twenty-five.

Frances Clancy.

SISTER'S BEAU

I'm s'posed to be asleepin' but I ain't and won't, by Jove,
I want to see how sister's beau can act when he makes love.
I'll pretend that I'm a-snoring and I'm sure she'll think it's true
And then they'll go in the other room and I'll see what they do.

I'll leave the door a bit ajar, just a tiny crack,
I wonder, when he kisses her, if I can hear the smack.
I think I hear them coming, yes, that's sister's selfsame giggle,
If she walks into this room, she mustn't see me wiggle.

The door's a little open, I wish they would begin;
Gee, now she's startin' walkin', I hope she don't come in.
No, now she's standing still again, she ain't gonna come no more!
Maybe she won't bother me. Oh, my, she *closed that door!*

Mary Caspe.



Juniors



ON THE STEEPLE

I'm just a figure on a steeple
Up so high;
And I look at all the people
Who pass by.
There are some, old and faded;
There are some by good times jaded;
Others are tired, and others are joyful.
I'm a figure on a steeple
And I look at all the people
Every day,
And I sigh.

I'm merely the figure on the steeple
Up o'er your head;
And I watch upon this steeple
When you're in bed.
By, go people old with sorrow;
People thoughtful of tomorrow.
By, go people sad and careworn;
Slowly by, walk the lovelorn.
I'm the figure on the steeple,
As I gaze at all the people,
Each day,
I sigh.

I'm just a figure on a steeple,
And 'tis best
That I point the wind for people,
East or West.
To and fro go pleasure laden;
Handsome boy and pretty maiden.
Old men and women, middle aged,
All doomed by Father Time, the sage.
I'm just the figure on the steeple,
And I sigh for all the people,
Far below;
Soon or late,
They all must go!

S. C. M.



FRANKLIN'S THIRTEEN VIRTUES MODERNIZED

1. Temperance

Don't eat too much; leave room for the dessert.

2. Silence

Don't talk about that party in class; talk of appropriate things, such as the price of second-hand whisk brooms in Montenegro.

3. Resolution

Resolve to spend two hours in studying lessons every night, except Monday, Wednesday, Friday, Sunday, the weekly dance night, and the evening the gang comes around.

4. Order

Stop parking your gum under the desk; you can't always be sure which is yours.

5. Frugality

Cut down on those movies and candy; spend your money on something useful, such as camel-hair toothpicks or patented mosquito-proof neckties.

6. Industry

Always be engaged in doing something useful; and if you can't tune in Abyssinia after trying for two hours you can get Louise E. Anna in about half an hour.

7. Sincerity

Be sincere; cut out the winking after teacher looks away, and keep your face straight when you tell her you studied your lesson.

8. Justice

Be fair; don't get into the habit of studying one certain lesson, turn about and you can turn in a recitation in every lesson one day a week.

9. Moderation

Avoid extremes; studying too hard may bring about softening of the brain. Be moderate, half an hour a day is enough.

10. Cleanliness

Keep clean; if there is no water near, there are always plenty of girls with powder around.

11. Tranquility

Don't be disturbed at trifles; the fire alarm is only an opportunity to break away from a recitation.

12. Humility

Be humble; teachers like it and will let you off easier. Imitate greater personages; there are many past masters in the art of getting a grade without working.

Walter Feldman.

LIFE

Life is a bubble of joy
—of sorrow.

Crawling along today
—tomorrow.

A little of triumph
—of dark defeat;

Ending at last where all time meets!

Rosabelle Houston.



AN INTERVIEW WITH "DING"

An interview with a man of distinction is indeed a great honor. I am very grateful to Miss Needles for arranging the interview, for she took such an interest in my work.

Mr. Darling, as you all know, is a cartoonist for the Des Moines Register, the New York Tribune, and many other papers, and is certainly a man who is acquainted with world problems and conditions and can express them in his cartoons.

As I stepped into his office his first words were, "Howdy, Mr. Ash, come right on in," and he grasped my hand for a hearty handshake. Mr. Darling is as common as you or I, and he meets everybody in the same brotherly fashion, which is indeed a great factor in his life and work. He talked to me as if I had known him for a long time, and he certainly made the interview very interesting.

He took great interest in my drawing ability and greatly encouraged me to carry on the work. He told me to practice drawing everybody, people in the street car, at school, at home, and on the streets. He drew a few sketches of prominent men for me and pointed out the important characteristics; then he asked me to draw a few, and I attempted to do so in a rough manner. He then pointed out to me the good and bad points I should watch out for.

He then had some important visitors and I had to go. He told me to come back any time I could, and show him my drawings.

William Ash.

MY FIRST SPEECH

At the age of twelve years, going on thirteen, as I confidently informed you, I received a letter asking me to make a short talk at a coming Girl Reserve banquet. I was thrilled—there is no other phrase expressive of it. By the combined efforts of my family, friends, and references, I brought forth an oration which I felt sure would make Cicero exceedingly envious! I spent many hours practicing the delivery of this wonderful speech, and at last the fatal hour arrived.

Attired in my best silk gown I arrived at the hall. Some bright person had achieved the idea of a speaker's table, and—alas—I was torn from my last source of support—my girl friends. I was placed next to a venerable social worker of many summers. However, she was quite amiable, and said to me, "Little girl, are you acquainted with Jane Addams?" I responded politely, "I do not believe I am. Does she go to North High?"

But the girls with whom I had come were not destined to forget me. Every few minutes one of them would leave her table to come over and admonish me, "*Don't* forget your speech," or "You're not nervous, are you?" Oh, no, I was not nervous! Then they conceived the idea of honoring me further by singing, "Stand up, stand up, Lois Louise Thornburg, stand up!" I complied, dropping my handkerchief under the table as I did so.

Oh, the eternity until the toastmistress called my name! I struggled to my feet—opened my mouth and—no words came! I felt that perhaps I had made a false start, so I repeated the performance, with no better results. The third time words came. Then I rushed on, gasping for breath like a steam engine. My throat was dry, and felt like sandpaper. My knees vibrated at the frequency of several hundred vibrations a minute. I tried one of my polished gestures—and upset a water glass. At last I sat down, breathless and relieved. I decided that Cicero had enjoyed his glory for too many centuries for me to usurp it by going upon the lecture platform.

Lois Louise Thornburg.



THE ETERNAL JUNIOR

Settin' 'round the room last night,
Down at Johnny's house, was me,
An' Van an' Less an' Dwight,
An' two or three fellers of the senior tribe,
(No use tryin' to describe).
"A-hem," says Van, he says, says he,
"Talking 'bout things that pleases me,
Good things to eat is hard to beat."

I reads on, an' John he 'lowed,
Girls was the things that pleased him most,
(Course he wasn't tryin' to boast)
But they seemed to like him the most,
He'd just leave it to the crowd.
Then a senior chap, says he,
"Swimmin's good enough for me.
Divin' high I mean," he says
"That beats the girls, what say Less?"

I reads on, an' Less says, "Well,
You just fetch that car of mine,
An' all the gas that you can find
An' I'll drive her 'round a spell,
Down Walnut I suppose,
An' where else Lord only knows,
An' I'm here to tell all hands,
Car ridin's what meets my demands."

I reads on, an' Dwight he says,
"Well I just stan' in with Less."
Sherm says, "I'm with John," he says, says he.
"Now what's yourn?" they says to me.
I reads on fer quite a spell
Then I speaks up slow an' dry
"Just a book" I says, says I
An' you orght to have heered 'em yell.

Mark I. Clifton.

JUNIORS

Jack L. Wickham
Clarence Reynolds

Allan AcKerson
- Maria N. Brann
Van C. RObinson
Carl Widmayer

Waldemar Allan
Lois L. Thornburg

William Ash
Emily ALbrecht
Mark CLifton



FRONT HALL TERRORS

One drowsy sixth period I sat in the front hall, dreamily imagining how absolutely calm and unafraid I would have been had I been the aunt who looked out of her niece's window and beheld the Spectre Bridegroom. I would have leaned out of the window and in an offhand manner told the horrid old Spectre to pack his remains elsewhere.

While thus speculating on my bravery, I decided to stroll down the hall to the trophy case, and with the aid of the mirror therein, and a comb, improve my appearance if possible. Looking into the mirror and industriously combing my hair, I incidentally noticed that if we won many more trophies, I would be unable to get so perfect a view of myself. Suddenly, right beside our highly prized football, there appeared a reflection most terrible to see! It could be nothing less than the spectre of some departed student, thought I with horror. The deathly chalk white of her face was only relieved by two scarlet spots on each cheek. Her lips were of a brilliant orange, which clashed with her cheeks in a ghastly manner. The streaked henna hair resembled Medusa's snaky locks, for it seemed to writhe all over her head.

I gazed for a moment, horror stricken at the reflection, and then dashed madly down the hall with only one object in my mind, to put distance between myself and that awful spectre. I would have won another trophy then and there had I been entered in the hundred yard dash, for I had blindly rushed almost that distance in a remarkably short time before I heard someone say the simple word, "flapper."

I stopped suddenly, much to the disappointment of several interested observers. A great light flooded the dusty recesses of my mind. There was no doubt about it, the joke was on me. My horrible spectre was nothing but a foolish, harmless, little East High flapper.

Lorena Cowell.

A NEW EXPERIENCE

One meets all kinds of people in life and in the gallery of the Berchel Theatre.

One afternoon, after arriving at the box-office of the theatre just one minute after one o'clock, I discovered my mistake at not being there earlier, for there was a line of girls ahead of me each intent on getting the best seat in the gallery. But, my spirit undaunted, I waited an hour until the box-office was opened and the dash began. After slamming my fifty cents down on the counter, I received my ticket and followed the rest. I picked up my feet and tore up the three flights of stairs two steps at a time, and arrived at the top just in time to get a seat next to the group of ten girls of whom I had spoken before.

During the hour that followed I saw many strange sights. Everyone was working cross-word puzzles and eating. My attention was called to two boys of college age, who were calmly seated halfway back, eating peanuts and dressed in tuxedos. Of course the girls began laughing, and this evidently embarrassed the boys who soon moved to the other side of the gallery.

The girls next discovered a new form of amusement. They tied their scarfs together and lowered them over the railing of the gallery to the balcony below. After this entertainment became stale, three of the girls became thirsty, so they piled their wraps in their seats and left to get a drink. The minute they left an old man came, and removing their coats from a seat, he sat down and proceeded to make himself comfortable. When the girls returned, many remarks were made, none of which phased the old man, and so one of the girls had to sit on a step in the aisle.

About this time the show began, and the gallery as a whole quieted down with no further casualties, unless the candy box which was accidentally knocked over the railing may be determined such. But that did not kill anyone, and the show was not interrupted.

Janet Thompson.



LIFE'S SWEETNESS

If we took the gold from the buttercup,
Or the sky from the violet blue,
The chastity from the lily white,
Would they still be sweet to you?

If love should die within your heart,
Or if God should prove untrue,
If song were stilled, and beauty dimmed,
Would life still be sweet to you?

Delma Jordan.

BLUFFIN'

Most people dont realize the mening of this. They userly think jist like mr. webster did that it is a akshun. Well from now on konsider mr. webster & all who think like him az cler off ther respective basez.

U will awl bee plezed i no that i hav invented a new & unlike mening 4 this abuzed wurd. Hear it iz in print: "Bluffin iz the art of putin it over & getting buy with." Veri sutable "ness paw." This hear art iz praktized thru our school moar are less. Butt a senyor iz the bluffer "par excellans." He noes how to dew it rite & the funni part iz he userli gets buy.

Now in school when the techur sez, "Bill, who waz this hear geo. washington gy?" U sac, "Well he kum over in the mae flour in 1492. He led the amerikans at bunker mountain & bull run & waz the 1st president after Patsi O-Henri." That aint bluffin cuze they aint know tee chur crazi enuff 2 bleve that.

Bluffin happens outside az wellaz in scool, fer instance, i no a gy who went up 2 anuther gy & sed "U big cheze u don't no nuthin, goe wae back & lay down befor i lae u down."

Gy no. 2 did't sae nothing he just akted & that wuznt no dice ether cuze gy no. 1 did not put it over.

This hear kolyum will run a short knotis fur champeen bluffers, each 1 must give hiz ur her kwalifikashuns in person, knaming sum of ther feats

Vivian Neer, '27.

THE QUILL

Say, have you seen this school paper we edit?
It's truly a wonder and much to our credit.
We've named it so proudly, "The East High Quill."
Just read in its contents and notice our skill.

On the whole, this journal has good news galore,
And when you have read it, you'll want many more.
So let's boost our paper and make it so sound,
That the fame of our "Quill" will spread the world round.

Alice Cave.

THE JUNIOR COMMITTEE

Allen Akerson
Leslie Baridon
Charlotte Bruner
Eleanor Burton
Lorena Cowell
Doris Cox

Norman Rinard
Zoe Ringrose
Edna Rubinson
Ruth Sachrider
Jack Wickham

Alfred Eastwood
Nedra Gordinier
Gerald Griffith
Phyllis Hall
Louise Machlan
Salome Minctor



Organizations



E EPI TAN

The first meeting of the new semester was opened January 30, 1925, with the same enthusiasm that marked the meetings last semester. The meeting was called to order by Sherman Greene, president for the past semester. The chair was then turned over to Wilbur Pricer, the new president. Installation of officers followed, the president making his "inaugural address." He then introduced the rest of the officers: Leslie Baridon, vice-president; William Kennedy, secretary; Robert Phillips, treasurer; and Sherman Greene, sergeant-at-arms. The following were named as committee chairmen: Leslie Baridon, program; Dean Lightfoot, publicity; and Van Robinson, membership.

The aim of the club is to do more and better things for East High, and it is believed that this will be carried out by the excellent programs that are planned in the form of speeches, debates, and literary work.

FORENSIC CLUB

The Forensic has begun the new semester with a better start than ever before. The club, in addition to the past membership, has some new members who are very active. A few fellows were lost by graduation, but we hope to make up this deficit by adding to the list a small number of worthy boys.

The Forensic has some interesting debates planned in order to get the boys acquainted on universal topics, also for the valuable training in debate work. Outside of this they have on the schedule a musical meeting, a humorous debate, and a plan to give another noon hour program to the students of East High.

The officers are: Dave Phillips, president; Harold Melone, vice-president; Maurice Gilliland, secretary; Robert Wright, treasurer; and Ray Bolton, sergeant-at-arms.

STUDENT COUNCIL

The new Student Council members, elected by the various home rooms, met in the music room the sixth period Tuesday, February 17th. Mr. Burton in his talk on "What the Student Council Is, and What It Means to East High" explained that it stands for co-operation, school spirit, and order. The election of officers followed, and Van Robinson was chosen president; Sherman Greene, vice-president; and Emily Albrecht, secretary-treasurer.

The Student Council members expect this semester's to be the best ever representing East High.

THE ZETAGATHEAN

It is an important part of every girl's education to develop herself socially and thus increase her ability as a leader.

As the Dramatic Club and the Philomathean are unable to take care of every girl in East High, five girls, Charlotte Miller, Helen Ryan, Gladys Blackledge, Helen Hancock, and Edna Pearson sacrificed their membership in the Philomathean that they might sponsor the organization of a new literary society. The organization having been effected, the officers were elected as follows: Charlotte Miller, president; Helen Hancock, vice-president; Elvera Hultman, secretary; Dorothy Lindberg, treasurer. The society is to be known as the "Zetagathean" with the meaning "Looking for the good." Miss Brotherton has consented to act as the club's faculty adviser. During this semester the Zetagatheans will meet in the Music Room every second and fourth Friday.



GIRLS' DRAMATIC CLUB

The girls of the Dramatic Club have made a lively start in their work for the second semester with Louise Burnett as their capable president, serving her second semester in that office. Evelyn Walker is the club's vice-president, Mary Garton is its secretary, and Lois Louise Thornburg is its treasurer.

At the first meeting try-outs for club membership were held and as the result of the club vote the following girls were taken in: Pauline Nelson, Dorothy Anderson, Marian Roe, Dorothy Colgan, Hilda McMillan, Maudie West, Olive Wright, Mozelle Spitzbarth, Ruth Long, Marian Brann, and Lorraine Bogue.

After their being voted into the club the pledges "enjoyed" two weeks of carrying out trays from the cafeteria, of wearing thimbles which advertised a well-known make of automobile, and of parading down the front corridor with their dresses gorgeously patched with pink slips.

The next thing on the semester's program was a joint meeting and initiation. At the meeting an amusing play, "The Rehearsal," was presented by a group of the girls. Those in the group were Rhea Phillips, Louise McCaughan, Anna Ramsay, Dorothy Sargent, Evelyn Walker, and Eleanor Burton.

The initiation proved a rare treat for the members, although several of those who were initiated were really quite pale for several days afterward.

The club is off on the road to its second semester of good work and rollicking good times!

PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Philomathean Literary Society feels that it is ready for an unusually active life this semester, for the following capable officers have been elected: Lucille Moon, president; Juliet Redfern, vice-president; Juanita Porter, secretary; and Florence Walker, treasurer. The club found it convenient to change its meeting hour from the eighth to the seventh period, as otherwise it would not have kept Miss Bonfield as adviser.

The annual club dinner was held February 13th, at 6:30 o'clock, in the cafeteria. A group of girls welcomed back the alumnae, and the usual spirit of fun and grand fellowship prevailed. After the girls had found their places at the three beautifully appointed tables, decorated in the club colors, lavender and yellow, an excellent two-course dinner was served. After the dinner, Valentine toasts were responded to by Ruth Foster, Genevieve Tucker, Gladys Blackledge, and Frances Kirkham. Juliet Redfern then favored us with a piano solo, and Grace Ferris with a vocal solo. The remainder of the evening was spent in playing games.

Graduation left many vacancies in the Philomathean Society, but new members have been invited. With the spirit and enthusiasm of these added to the loyalty and energy of the present members, Philo is expecting to do great things this semester.

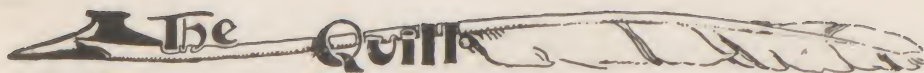
EUCLIDEAN SOCIETY

The Euclidean Society is striving to promote an interest in science and mathematics. We are starting this semester under the leadership of Mr. Bakalyar as faculty adviser; John McManus, president; Charles Pope, vice-president; Velma Ford, secretary-treasurer; and David Pidgeon, sergeant-at-arms.

One of the outstanding things we have planned for this semester is to make a "slide-rule," with which many interesting demonstrations will be given. We have also planned to put on some good programs which deal with interesting subjects in science.

Students taking mathematics three or four and a high science or a higher math. are eligible to become members of this society.

Our membership is growing rapidly and we hope that we will have more members this semester than ever before.



LETTER CLUB

The East High Letter Club, which was organized January 5, 1925, is the newest activity in the school. It is composed of boys who have won their letters in any of the four major sports.

The purpose of our club can be best stated from the constitution.

The object of this organization shall be:

1. To promote scholarship.
2. To further interest in athletics, especially among lower classmen.
3. To promote cleaner and better sportsmanship throughout the school, such as:
 - a. Welcoming visiting teams.
 - b. Standing back of all competing teams and coaches.
 - c. Promoting more interest in athletics through the community.
4. To create a training spirit among the athletes and to make them feel honor bound to train in season.

The officers for this semester are Raymond Bolton, president; Gerhard Hauge, vice-president, and Harry Lindbloom, secretary-treasurer.

We are very fortunate in having for our advisers Mr. Russell and Mr. Hoyt, known to all as "Scotty" and "Dad." Our club should be more than a success with these men of unusual ability as leaders.

In the endeavor to live up to the object as stated, our club issued a challenge to all other clubs to have more representative members present at the extemporaneous speaking contest than the Letter Club. The other clubs thought that they would show us who's who, and although we were but a month old, we turned out 97%, and they have said no more about it. We have already made our debut in the form of a noon assembly. Judging from the press notices and the kind remarks from our friends our stage appearance was not unsuccessful.

SHAKESPEAREAN CLUB

"Let's start the new semester with a bang!"—that's the way the first Shakespearean bulletin for the semester read, and that is what the members of the club are doing.

The officers of the club are: Harold Melone, president; Willard Mabee, vice-president, and Hilda McMillan, secretary-treasurer.

At the first meeting an interesting program was presented, which consisted of a cornet solo by William Kennedy, accompanied by Rita Novinger, a talk on "Present Day Shakespearean Actors," by Craig McKee, and a review of "Present Day Plays," by Ernest Porter.

At the second meeting the following people were taken into the club: Marjorie Irwin, Anna Ramsey, Dorothy Anderson, Duane Winters, Donald Douglass, Anna Kauzlarich, John McManus, Ione Wildman, and Robert Phillips.

The program for this meeting was composed of a discussion of "The Rivals," written by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, by Gene Griffith; a review of Sheridan's life, by Dwight McCaughan, and a group of songs, by Grace Ferris.

With a strong membership list, this club is planning on doing many things this semester.

Y. W. C. A.

Perhaps there are many girls who read this Quill, who did not come to Y. W. C. A. meetings last semester. If you are one of those, we want to extend to you a sincere invitation to come. We know you will enjoy the good fellowship in work and play which characterizes our club.

Our officers for this semester are Greta Huggins, president; Edith Soppeland, vice-president; Juliet Redfern, secretary, and Sara Thomas, treasurer.

After the first meeting this semester, a Valentine party was held in the third floor hall. After playing several games, we were served with heart shaped mints as refreshments. Fun? Of course! Just bushels. If you don't believe it, come once, and try it yourself. We welcome you!



HI-Y CLUB

Is the Hi-Y going to take a prominent part in this semester's activities? If you're curious, ask some member of the club. The club's first step this semester has been to sponsor a group of meetings during Religious Emphasis Week.

A cordial invitation to join the club is extended to all boys who have the interests of the school and club at heart. If a boy joins the Hi-Y, he is sure to get into a group of fellows who will influence him toward the right.

The club holds its meetings every Wednesday night at 6:15, when a supper is served. Following the supper any business pending is disposed of, and an enjoyable program follows.

It is customary for our officers to serve two semesters; but owing to the fact that our last semester's president, Claude Geisler, graduated, it was necessary to fill his place. An election was held and Sherman Greene was chosen to fill the vacancy.

The remaining cabinet members are as follows: Mr. Dewitt I. Williams, faculty adviser; Mr. Leon Smith, leader; Ernest Porter, vice-president; Donald Burnett, secretary; George Johnson, treasurer; Loy McMillan, and Loran Braught, service committee; John Hoff, chairman of the entertainment committee; and Van Robinson, chairman of the membership committee.

THE EAST HIGH RADIO CLUB

The East High Radio Club which was organized only last year had several interesting meetings last semester and got a good start this semester with several new members added to our roll. The club holds meetings every two weeks on Thursday, the tenth period. The club was fortunate enough to have again as our faculty adviser Mr. Astor, who has had much experience in radio set construction.

Membership is open to any East High student who can meet all school requirements and pass a test in radio.

The officers elected for this semester are: Harold I. Tarr, president; Gene Griffith, vice-president; Ralph Stenstrom, secretary-treasurer; Louis Rich, sergeant-at-arms.

THE LIBRARY ROUND TABLE

The Library Round Table is a comparatively new club in East High. There are about thirty members, all of whom are interested in library work, or in books.

Although we accomplished very little last semester, we are proud of what we did do, and are planning new work. At each meeting we try to have some part of the program dealing with books or their authors. We hope also to have a chance to learn a few of the fundamentals in using and managing a library.

Our officers are: Dorothy Burrows, president; Ruth Moran, vice-president; and Lucille Moon, secretary-treasurer.

We will be glad to have in our club any new girls, who are planning to be librarians or who are interested merely from the standpoint of a reader and a lover of books.

THE CAMP FIRE CLUB

The Camp Fire Club has made a practice of electing their officers for the entire school year instead of for one semester as most clubs do. There are two new officers who are taking the places of two of our girls, one of whom graduated and the other has been unable to attend the meetings. Our officers are: Vera McCoy, president; Catherine Berner, secretary; Louise McCaughan, treasurer; Vivian Ogburn, program chairman; Louise Berner, social chairman; Evelyn Walker, membership chairman; and Helen Williams, publicity secretary.

This semester the girls are working for a larger membership. To further this movement, little leather honors, made by one of the members, will be given to every member who brings three new girls into the club.



THE ORCHESTRA

The first meeting of the Orchestra this semester found many places vacant. These places are gradually being filled by other students, some of which are freshmen. We are anxious to have these places filled by students who are to be in high school for the next two or three years; however, we welcome any student to our organization if he can be of any service to us, even though he may stay only one semester. We feel sure that many students in our midst are missing a great opportunity to be of service to East High School by not becoming members of this organization.

The Orchestra will soon start rehearsing the music for the opera. However, at present a program is being prepared by us for our spring play. Besides these special programs, special attention is being given to a group of standard overtures.

The cooperation between Mr. Gilbert, the instructor, and members results in the determination to make the Orchestra excel that of former years.

We hope to meet with your hearty approval in the near future.

SPANISH CLUB

There is a real, live, energetic Spanish Club in East High. Circumstance, fate, bad luck, or all three together prevented our being an active club last semester. There is a saying that "You can't keep a good man down." Why couldn't that be applied to clubs?

Spain is a romantic country, therefore rather mysterious. A great many people immediately think of Spain as a land of bullfights, castanets, tambourines, and moonlight serenades; but that is about the limit of their knowledge of the country. We of the Spanish Club want to know something definite about the picturesque Spain of long ago, the modern Spain and the people themselves, their clothes, customs and traditions.

We are planning a semester full of interesting and varied programs, Spanish amusements, and also a lively social time.

Our officers are: Willard Mabee, president; Thelms Ries, vice-president; Erland Carlson, secretary; and Clyde Walbert, treasurer.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

About a year ago a new club was formed in East High—Le Cercle Francais. The purpose of this organization was to study the country of France, and the customs and language of the French people. This aim was faithfully carried out for two semesters and is being conveyed into the third semester with success. The officers for this term, who were elected January 23d, are: Dorothy Cahill, president; Lucille Hamlin, vice-president; Louise Burnett, secretary; George Bourland, treasurer. The first meeting was held February 24th. After a short business meeting an interesting program was presented. Genevieve Ross sang a group of songs; a paper written by Margaret Marnette was read; George Bourland gave several whistling numbers. The program committee is planning to offer some very worth while programs throughout the year.

THE NORMAL TRAINING CLUB

"He that does his best does everything; he that does less does nothing." This being the motto of the Normal Department, the club begins the new year with the idea of making this semester "the best ever."

Our constitution requires that each member appear on the program at least three times during the term. We also plan to have speakers of note address us on subjects of rural interests. These add variety and zest to our programs.

We are ably supported by our officers and faculty adviser. The officers for this semester are: Bessie Calvert, president; Phoebe McClelland, vice-president; Marion Roe, secretary; and Mabel Lewis, treasurer. Our adviser is Miss Duval.



Vol. XX

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No. 3

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor	Ernest Porter	Alumni	Robert Crawford
Associate Editor	Edith Soppeland	Exchange	Mary Garton
Literary	Dorothy Cahill, Donald Douglass	Art	Gene Gray
What's Doing	Doris Fiesel, Thelma Ries	Stenographers—	
Organizations—			Lemah Wood, Evelyn Fredregill
	Eugene Griffith, Lois Louise Thornburg	Faculty Advisers—	
Athletics	Warren Fisher		Estelle Wood, Harriet Macy
Jokes	Greta Huggins, Van Robinson		

BUSINESS STAFF

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Circulation Manager	James McGrevey	Stenographer	Ruth Clark
Advertising Manager	Sherman Green	Clerk	Mary Gruber
Assistant Manager	Vaughn Cook	Faculty Manager	Charles W. Perry

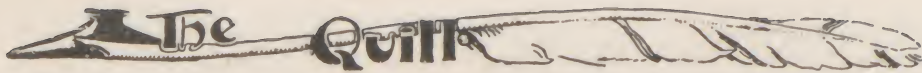


EDITORIAL

DETERMINATION

Seldom does the person with apparently the most ability or the most brilliant mind make a real success; more often it is the man who has to work hard for what he gets, the plodder.

The man for whom attainment is easy will probably expect to acquire success by some "get rich quick" method, consequently his air castles will be hopelessly crushed more often than his dreams of success will be realized.



The man who looks ahead, reasoning things out, facing them squarely, and working unceasingly for the completion of the task immediately before him will ultimately gain success.

If one is the first kind of man he takes a gambler's chance; if he is the other, he has examples at least to back him. For instance, Theodore Roosevelt when a boy was physically weak. People who knew him took it for granted that he would go through life handicapped greatly by poor health; they never dreamed that he would ever do anything big.

Now, we think of Roosevelt as a man of great physical strength; we think of him in connection with big-game hunting in Africa or with "roughing it" in our own continent. Roosevelt gained the good health which enabled him to do these things by consistent effort and determination. As a further result of his perseverance he won success and international recognition as a true American, one who wouldn't give up.

Success is within the grasp of every student who will apply himself to his task and work at it diligently and persistently.

SELF-CONFIDENCE

The other day I heard a man remark that he admired the person who was thoroughly conceited because this fellow usually succeeded in the thing he set out to do. His faith in his own ability enabled him to master his problem. Perhaps the speaker confused the two traits of character, for he saw self-confidence and called it conceit.

All of us need more self-confidence. The old maxim, "Know thyself," offers a problem which is almost impossible to solve, for none of us knows definitely his own possibilities. In all of us there are unsounded depths of resource and ability, but if the plummet, self-confidence, is lacking, this power is as nothing.

The person who says, "Oh, I had better not try. I don't think I could do it, anyhow," has a mistaken idea. If we assume this attitude, we shall be failures. We should accomplish nothing because we would attempt nothing. Progress would be at a standstill. When we tackle a proposition with the feeling that we will succeed, we do. It is the idea in us that counts. We can do what we know we can do.

THE FRATERNITY QUESTION

Just before the holidays there appeared in our school a situation that, for a time, threatened to wipe out all that had heretofore gone to make up that dauntless spirit which enables us to cry proudly: "Lee Township against the world!"

To abide or not to abide by the newly established rule which forbade social affairs connected in any way with the long forbidden fraternities and sororities became a problem as great to us as if it were of international importance. A question of honor, it was one that had to be decided individually, by every student. On one side, the enticing gaieties of the happy, frivolous holidays; on the other the self-respect and quiet satisfaction that comes from abiding by one's convictions and adhering to one's principles. To go, or not to go. Ah, that was the question.

Yet, on the whole, the East High student met and solved this problem with the same fairness and honesty that has solved others as great, perhaps, in their way.

If those who study human nature are right, East High is about to pass through a period of revolt, the natural outcome of the student's self-imposed compliance with regulations.

But that period will never come, for once again that unconquerable thing called the East High spirit will assert itself with such strength that the entire student body will recognize and submit to its dominating force.



HE WHO BUYS MUST PAY

He who buys must pay: is it not true? We want many things, but we must remember that those things which we buy must be paid for sooner or later. Among the many things that we crave are love, health, fame, and knowledge. For each one a price is paid.

Love calls for self-denial; health, too, calls for self-denial and right-living; for fame, loneliness is often the price paid. The one who gains fame is expected by the world to remain on the pedestal upon which he is placed, alone and aloof from his former companions.

Real knowledge and learning call for a price, also; that of continuous, hard, concentrated work. This buying and paying for knowledge might be applied to our high school life. Most of us come to school with the intention of procuring an education upon which to build our lives. But, sad to relate, some few do not want to pay the price. They choose instead of knowledge a good time. However, they pay heavily in after years.

Some think the price too high and that they will be unable to pay when the bill is presented. Many times they possess depths of mind and heart that they never suspected were in them. It is for them to go to work and give their minds a chance to pay for what they buy. The majority of the pupils, however, are willing to pay the price for the knowledge they come to buy.

There are many things both noble and ignoble from which to choose and you may take as long as you wish to choose, but you must buy and you must pay.

Grace Ferris.

COMPARISON

The quality of our work is judged by the comparison of it with other work. An old colored man was out of a job. It was winter and his family was destitute. Once he had applied for the employment of pushing ice up the river, but had been refused. Again he asked for work and the foreman, touched by the sight of the old man standing there with the icy wind nipping his ears below his derby hat, said, "Well, take a pike pole and go to work and if you are still here after the time keeper goes around, you have a job." He was still there after the appointed time. The timekeeper had seen an old man sailing up the river guiding four smooth, unbroken blocks of ice with care and alacrity. He also saw the rest of the men walking wearily along the bank pushing their one block. He compared.

So it is in every phase of life. Those in authority compare. Here in East High, talent and merit are compared daily. The ability of those trying out for the school plays is summed up and the best is chosen. The coach puts many players on the field and notes the qualities of each; the outstanding men make up the team. The contributions to the Quill are carefully read and measured with other contributions, and the superior articles are published. Your efforts will always be judged by the best, not the inferior. Are your eyes wide open enough to measure your own character and your own quality by that of the highest around you? Or are you observant enough to see and know others' standards? Can your efforts survive the test of comparison?

Mildred Field.



What's Doing



HONOR STUDENTS

Although many people believe the mental ability of high school students is decreasing, East High disputes the fact on the grounds that she has more honor students each semester. Last semester there were but fifteen having four ones and this semester there are twenty. Last semester there were twenty-nine having three ones and this semester there are thirty-five. Each semester there was one student having five ones. This year's honor students are:

Five Ones—Doris Fiesel.

Four Ones—Catherine Berner, Paul Cotton, Donald Douglass, Eleanor Eggiman, Mary Garton, Darrel Garwood, Matie Kaplan, Marion Larson, Harry Lindbloom, Ruth Loizeaux, Lesa Lundin, Gwendolyn McCleary, Holbrook Morrison, Margarite Murray, Rose Lillian Press, Eloise Remington, Pearl Rosenberg, Arline Sanford, Edith Soppeland, William Wetherall, William Wychoff.

Three Ones—Emily Albrecht, Margaret Allott, Dale Bossert, Maurine Bruce,

Amanda Burger, Frances Cardaman, Grace Grace Carper, Mary Caspe, Alice Cave, Robert Crawford, Elmer DeFord, Elizabeth French, Fawnie Gray, Margaret Grygla, Maxine Haptonstahl, Roscoe Herringlake, Katherine Holt, William Kennedy, Leona Kaiser, Joe M. Lang, Ruth Long, Irma May, Lucile Moon, Lloyd Mussell, Margaret Nutt, Robert Parquette, Edward Paterson, Minnette Paterson, Elmer Rhone, Vera Rhone, Thelma Ries, Helen Routson, Frank Shames, Pauline Traw, Genevieve Tucker.

NEW STAFF MEMBERS

The Quill staff is no exception when it comes to losing members through graduation. With Ernest Porter, our new editor-in-chief, and Edith Soppeland, associate editor, we are looking forward to a successful semester. The vacancies caused by graduation were filled by the method which has been used the past three semesters; that is, the English teachers recommended a number of students who were asked to write an editorial and a news item. About twenty entered the competition. Three English teachers acted as judges of the articles submitted and by their decision we have five new members. Robert Crawford succeeds Carl Parks as alumni editor, Mary Garton has Exchanges, Lois Louise Thornburg assists Eugene Griffith in the Organization Department and Van Robinson takes Eugene Kuefner's old position as one of the Joke editors. Although we were very sorry to lose the old members the new ones have taken up the work in such a way that we are sure the Quill will continue as successfully as in the previous semesters.



Stuffed Dates

January

- 27-28—School again. Which was it, a 1 or a 5?
29—Ouch, my arm! Did you get bumped? Vaccination woes.

February

- 2—When you had to be where you were supposed to be. School begins in earnest.
3—East ties West in basketball.
4—Zetagathian Literary Club added to the list.
Spanish Club reorganizes.
E. D. M. Club proves they are musical as well as athletic. "We Ain't Gonna Sing No Mo'."
5—Dramatic Club severely judged the trembling "try-outers."
10—We took a trip with Dr. Cora Johnston Best along the Columbia river (in the East High Auditorium).
12—Dr. Howland Hanson of Des Moines University emphasized Lincoln's character to us by his talk on "Citizenship."
13—Were you the one who broke that mirror? Did lurking evil spirits cause you any mishaps?
"This year on the thirteenth of February
The Philo girls did 'eat, drink, and be merry.'"
East-West swimming meet. We won 58 to 9. The hardest blow we ever dealt them in swimming.
16—Why do we go to school? Dr. Graham of Oberlin College answered that question at our first assembly in connection with Religious Emphasis Week.
17—East High paid tribute to Miss Padmore.
18—Thrills and heart throbs!
Ice cream and dynamite!
Senior class organizes!!!
During the noon program Dr. Waite spoke on "Spirit in Athletics."
19—Dr. Crane delighted us with his humor and style of address, and left in our minds thoughts well worth thinking about.
20—What kind of a friend are you to your friends?
Mrs. Sherwood Eddy's talk to girls.
Swimming: East 39, North 29. Yea, bo!
23—East High brings home the bacon. Rah! rah! for our debaters.
Roosevelt debaters won over North High in our auditorium.
25—Senior class decided some very important matters.
Will we dance or will we not?
Special Student Council meeting.
26—Negative debate team won over Roosevelt.
Our affirmative team lost to the "Rough Riders."
27—Another Quill has gone to press without causing any *serious* effects on either the staff or the typewriters!!!



EAST HIGH WINS CITY DEBATES

The success of our debating team was a characteristic East High victory, because those who were interested in it, faculty, students, and competitors, contributed everything within their power to the victory. That this was an overwhelming triumph is shown by the number of debates won, five out of six.

The team's knowledge of the question resulted from the self-sacrifice of the eleven people who were candidates for the team and who continued to aid the team from the beginning of the fall term until the last debate was finished. The affirmative was supported by Paul Cotton, Van Robinson, Sarah Thomas and Sherman Green; the negative by Wilbur Pricer, Leslie Baridon, and Greta Huggins. Marcus Clifton, Theodore Reyno, Isabel Selby, and Elizabeth Saunders devoted their entire attention during the Christmas vacation to aiding those who represented the school, in mastering the necessary information. Alma Kies served the team faithfully as a stenographer. Members of the faculty who deserve special credit are Mr. McCullough, Mr. Pritchard, and the efficient coach, Mr. Wilson. Many other students and teachers were of assistance in preparing the team for its successful effort.

IN MEMORIAM

East High and the community in which she was known and loved, were shocked and grieved upon learning of the death of Mildred Barker, January 21, 1925.

Mildred was a member of the senior class, a willing and eager student, a staunch and trustworthy friend, a loving and beloved daughter.

She was the essence of cheerfulness and sunshine in the home or wherever she might be. Mildred was affiliated with the U. B. Miller Memorial Church and Sunday School. She came from Cattell grade school into East High where she had hosts of friends, both among the student and teachers.

She left us, when she was just upon the threshold of the life she loved so well, and had planned so wisely.

"We'll know why clouds instead of sun

Were on many a cherished plan,

Why song has ceased—when scarce begun,

'Tis there some time we'll understand."

Frances Pease.



What Knots

Very often there is some talented person in our midst whose good qualities and extraordinary accomplishments never receive the praise they deserve. In East High there may be many such, we do not know. We do know, however, that we have a few who are musically inclined (to such a degree that they delight in proudly exhibiting their ability). We refer in particular to the harmonica players. Gene Gray, last semester's dignified Student Council president, is a very modest one of these artists. This is authoritative information, because—s-sh—he once favored the Quill Staff with some of his selections. The Shakespearean Club will proudly stand back of our statement that Gene Griffith can also "Charm the ear with music, exquisite and beautiful." At a recent noon hour program Paul Trissel proved to the student body that he is another genius along the same line. East High is proud of all its talented people.

East High gladly welcomes four new teachers this semester. Although we are sorry to lose those who have left us we feel that their places are being aptly filled by these new members of the faculty.

Miss Risser, who was a substitute for Miss Sprague last semester, is a regular member of the Latin teaching staff.

Miss Sprague is again at her post after a year's leave of absence.

Miss O'Grady comes to us from Elmwood grade school and is a graduate of Iowa State University. She takes Miss Brody's place, who is in New York working for her master's degree at Columbia University.

"Vaccination" and "Examination" have about the same effect on some students—and also the faculty. Many left-handed persons were greatly envied because they could conscientiously come to class without their lessons for several days and say they couldn't write because of a sore vaccination.

Are you aware that within the walls of East High School there is one who is a very firm believer in private ownership of all public buildings? One of Harold Tarr's aims in life must be to own the East High building. Of course there is always a beginning for everything and Harold is now the proud possessor of one of the electric fixtures in Room 118. This may be one instance in which ambition should rightly be thwarted.

Mrs. Sherwood Eddy, noted religious worker, was the speaker at an assembly for East High girls on Friday, February 20th.

Mrs. Eddy used the confession of Dorothy Ellingson, San Francisco girl slayer, as the basis of her talk. She cautioned the girls to practice honesty, truthfulness and self-control; to live with a moderate amount of recreation, and to work with joy and zest. Quoting Mrs. Eddy, "Dorothy Ellingson began doing wrong in high school. She thought she was fooling her teachers and her mother, but she fooled only herself. She wanted to have fun and excitement and gaiety; how much of this will she find in a prison cell?"

The speaker's evident sincerity and winning personality won her instant popularity with her audience of girls. If Mrs. Eddy returns to East High again, she will find many friends there among the girls.

The vacancy in the ranks of East High, caused by the graduation of seniors in January, is being aptly filled by the freshman B class. There are two hundred and fifty in this class, one hundred and thirty-two girls and one hundred and eighteen boys.

The freshmen are heartily welcomed by the student body, though doubtless many of them were made the butt of numerous jokes by their more dignified elders, the upper classmen.



DADDY LONG LEGS

Every one is more or less acquainted with the story and play of "Daddy Long Legs." Because it is so well known, to quote from the play itself, "You couldn't even stick in a postage stamp," the auditorium was so well filled both nights of the play. Throughout the entire four acts Lillian Bradley lived the life of Judy Abbott. Lillian portrayed realistically Judy the child in the John Grier home, then Judy the college girl when she really had "an honest-to-goodness party dress and wore silk hose," and lastly Judy, the one girl in all the world who could change Jervis Pendleton from a woman-hater into a lover. Gene Gray, as Jervis Pendleton, handled a difficult part very splendidly. Gene ably impressed the audience with the personality of the character he represented. Mrs. Lippett, played by Gladys Johnson, truly struck terror to the hearts of all. The parts of the orphans were well given. Eleanor Cosson and Jeanne Hoff, college room-mates of Judy Abbott, were natural, lovable girls, full of fun, life and vivacity. Everyone liked John Hoff's spontaneous humor as he took the part of James McBride, Pendleton's supposed rival. Charlotte Cornell did good acting in the representation of the aristocratic Mrs. Pendleton. Rita Novinger, who was Miss Pritchard, pleaded admirably for Judy. Other charactes were: Floyd Burgeson and Ben Levine, who took the parts of Cyrus WyKoff and Abner Parsons, respectively; Lois Louise Thornburg, who portrayed Mrs. Semple; David Phillips was Griggs, and Paul Cotton, Walters; the part of Carrie was taken by Genevieve Tucker, and Jean Byers was Marie, the maid. The orphans were:

Gladiola	Bernice Lattimore
Loretta	Pauline Nelson
Sadie Kate	Charlotte Elmquist
Mamie	Maxine Haptonstahl
Freddie Perkins	Willard Burns

This play was another of East High's dramatic triumphs and was very much enjoyed by all who saw it.

FIRST SENIOR MEETING

"Oh! say, are you going to the meeting next period!" "Whom do you want for president?" "How soon do you suppose we'll have a party?" These are some of the remarks heard by students who, having attended school for four years,—perhaps more or less—have entered the dignified state of seniors and are about to attend their first meeting, a meeting eagerly anticipated in the hearts of all high school students.

At this meeting the officers who are to lead the class of 212 members throughout the semester were elected. They are: Harry Lindbloom, president; Ernest Porter, vice president; Fawnie Gray, secretary; Vera McCoy, treasurer, and Louise Burnett and Raymond Bolton, board members.

After three periods of thrills the meeting was adjourned, and the seniors departed, feeling confident of a successful semester full of work and fun.



CONTEST WINNERS

East High has again been honored—this time in the Home Lighting Contest recently sponsored by the Electrical League of Des Moines. Of a total of \$1,150 offered in prizes, East High students captured \$743.

The prize winners are:

Doris Fiesel, \$300.

Nellie Boos, \$200.

Agnes Carlson, \$25.

Helen Ryan, Dorothy S. Johnson, Robert Crawford, Charlotte Elmquist and Irma M. Bailey, \$15.

Lillian Johnson, Lulu May Mason, Katherine McCauley, Dorothy M. Johnson and Margaret Nutt, \$10.

Elsie C. Bergstrom, Ruth Graham, Frances Nelson, Vera McCoy and Dorothy Grandberg, \$7.50.

Catherine M. Bennett, Wilhelmina Hancock, Agnes Erickson, Mildred Field, Anna W. Bergstrom and Loyat Bland, \$5.

Evelyn Lindbloom, Esther Hutt, Lois Heth and Gladys Blackledge, \$2.50.



IN MEMORIAM

FROM THE STUDENTS

Because of her superior knowledge of the subject she taught and of her high ideals of scholarship, Miss Padmore as a teacher was respected by all the pupils. Not just because of her impartiality in dealing with her pupils, and the personal interest shown in giving them the same high ideals that she held, but Miss Padmore was more than a teacher; she was a friend of every pupil in her classes.

We students of East High miss the friendly smile and the kindnesses of Miss Padmore, that meant so much to us. But we feel that her life has left so strong an impress that her influence will be long felt in our school.

FROM THE Y. W. C. A.

The acquaintance and companionship with Miss Padmore will long live in the pleasant thoughts of the school life of many girls, for she not only desired to give her best efforts in the classroom, but was willing to carry the extra load and to help girls in school and in the "Y" girls' club to find and give the best in their lives.

We find Miss Padmore was much concerned with girls and their problems.

All of the time she was in the fellowship with "Y" girls, she was eagerly giving her best to promote the efforts of the organization and was an inspiration to all because she so fully lived the motto—To laugh, and love and lift.

FROM THE FACULTY

One who unselfishly forgets self, and leaving self, goes out seeking, finding, and awakening the worth while and lovable things in the lives of those about her; this was the spirit of Miss Padmore. From this came unselfish devotion to her friends.

Her contented sunny disposition, her poise of manner, her happy outlook on life, and the simple quiet way in which she met its duties and the heroic courage with which she met its sorrows, did they come from a better knowledge of things worth while? Did they spring from a vision beyond that which is granted to most of us?



Exchange



PROJECTS IN OTHER SCHOOLS

Because we ourselves lay claim to being a peppy school we are naturally interested in the worth-while and interesting things other schools are doing. Among our exchanges we find news of projects in other schools that are really worthy of our notice. Some of these, given below, have attracted our attention to such a degree that we have published them in hopes that our readers will find them as interesting as we of the "Quill" staff did.

Beginning near home, we find our neighbor across the river, Roosevelt High, sponsoring a slogan contest. Organized for a year and a half, Roosevelt has several times discussed the need of a motto or slogan, but always without taking definite action. At last, however, a slogan contest, to be judged by the Student Council, has been announced. We wonder what the slogan will be.

The juniors of Blackwell High, Blackwell, Oklahoma, gave as their first class program, a novel dumb-bell drill. The drill was put on by the members of the boys' gym classes, showing to some extent the work done in these divisions. The girls' classes also gave a short drill. The program was well received by the students, who hope there will be others like it very soon.

From Thomas Jefferson High, Council Bluffs, comes news of a milk fund for needy people. The students of this high school have realized how many people in the world don't know where their next meal is coming from, and they are doing their best to remedy this situation—in their own town at least.

The civics classes of Moline High School, Moline, Illinois, visited their city council the other day, and if we may judge from their enthusiastic account of the visit, they certainly enjoyed themselves. After they attended the business meeting of the council, they were taken on a personally conducted tour through the prison cells, the gymnasium, and the rogues' gallery, where pictures and descriptions of criminals were hung on the walls. Personally, we think they must have had a very enjoyable excursion.

From Orlando High, Orlando, Florida, comes news of a new organization, formed for the purpose of arousing interest and enthusiasm among the girls for the various sports in the school. The girls, realizing the need of such a club, held an organization meeting some time ago, a constitution was drawn up, and, up to date, a great deal of work has been accomplished. This organization is expected to do great things for girls' sports and it seems to have a wonderful future ahead of it.

TALK ABOUT PERSISTENCE

The Jeffersonian, Jefferson High, Los Angeles, has won a place on the all-American newspaper team, a great honor in itself, but in this case greater still, because of the odds against which it was won.

With a new staff, restrictions as to make-up of the paper, and but three days to get the finished copies to Madison, Wisconsin, the Jeffersonian came through with flying colors.

Aided by two Fords, special delivery to San Francisco, airplane mail to Wisconsin, and again special delivery to Madison, the precious papers were delivered to the seat of the contest—and on time.

We wager that the Jeffersonian is the first school paper to make a journey by airplane mail, and we think we would win the wager, too. How about it?



COMMENT ON EXCHANGES

The Sentinel, Dunbar High School.

Your literary department is particularly interesting. The three divisions of stories, plays and essays are new and clever. But why not more jokes?

The Voice of South Hi, South High School.

Your literary department is fine. "Jack's Reformation" was particularly interesting. Your "Student's Forum" is good. Our staff has found your magazine very helpful.

Eh Kah Nam, Walla Walla High.

By reading about your activities we can see exactly what your school is doing. Your society department is new, and your joke department is excellent.

The Argus News, Ottumwa High.

Your paper is certainly a peppy one. You are to be congratulated on your dramatic department and your editorials.

The Lino O' Type, Moline High.

We see that you are to give "The Gypsy Rover" an announcement particularly interesting to us, as we presented this operetta some time ago, with great success. We wish you the best of luck.

Red and White, Iowa City High.

We like your joke department and your poets' corner very much. The jingles in your joke department were interesting and clever.

The Echoes, Abraham Lincoln High (Council Bluffs).

We were interested in noting the many references to debating in the last issue of your paper. We feel sure that your successes were well earned, and we sincerely congratulate you on your victories.

The El-So-Hi, Elmira Southside High.

We liked your page of editorials particularly well this time, although your whole paper was interesting and newsy—as usual. We always look forward to the coming of the "El-So-Hi."

West High Tatler, West High.

We are always glad to hear from our friends across the river. We were especially interested in your recent assemblies, as we have been hearing the same speakers talk on much the same subjects.

The Whisp, Wilmington High.

Your Directory, or Who's Who in W. H. S., is certainly an original idea. It is the first of its kind we have ever seen. We wish to compliment you on your very interesting Puzzler's Page and we also wish to acknowledge your comment on our own "Quill."

QUILL RECOGNITION

"The Quill of East High, Des Moines, has issued its annual for the half year of 1924. It is a very complete little magazine, which shows thoughtful work.

"The 'Echoes' appreciates the recognition of the editorial on 'Time.'"—The Echoes.

"The Quill—good for you. Your magazine is excellent in every way."—The Whisp.



Alumni



EAST HIGH IN ART

Many students now attending East High are unaware of the fact that we have an excellent art department. At any rate those taking art appreciate this department and realize how fortunate we are in having such an efficient instructor, Miss Macy. A number of East High graduates have won fame in the field of art.

Miss Velma Wallace, of the class of 1916, received a scholarship and one hundred dollars in prizes from the Women's Club in 1917. Lately, she has been doing color renderings for landscape gardening and has been teaching the Saturday and summer school classes of the Cumming School of Art.

Dorothy Twitchell-Burbank, who graduated in the class of 1917, is a draftsman for the State Highway Commission at Ames.

From the class of 1918 three students continued with their art work. Jane Coventry, for a while, did drafting for the State Highway Commission. Later she graduated from the State University and has been teaching in the graphic and plastic arts department there for the last five years. Garland Selby specialized in surveying work in his college course, and is now county surveyor in St. Joseph, Missouri. George Holland has been doing designing for window decorations in New York City.

Ruth Stieglitz-Johnson, of the 1920 class, for a while designed children's clothing for the "Baby Shop" of this city. She and Enid Ruston, a graduate of the same class, are now employed as draftsmen for the State Highway Commission. Among the other 1920 graduates, Paul Pearson is studying in the graphic and plastic art department at the State University and Ethel Horner is an art instructor. Marie Wiley has been doing commercial drawings for advertisements of children's dresses. She recently won the 1925 scholarship and the bronze medal in the Women's Club exhibit.

Frances McKee, a graduate of 1921, is continuing her study of art at Drake University. Another of the same class, Randolph Ruhley, is connected with Proudfoot, Bird and Rawson, architects, of this city.

Of the class of 1922, Helen Wood and Theodore Standers are studying art in the graphic and plastic arts department of the State University. Maudie Long-Spry was connected, for some time, with the State Highway Commission and is now making a specialty of gift cards.

Katherine Fulton, Edith Sargent and Nels Johnson, all three graduates of 1923, are specializing in art at the State University. And Marie Haskamp is drawing for the Iowa Insurance Service Bureau. Helen Stearns is drafting for the City Railway power plant and Elsie Feruglo-Bissuti, prior to her marriage, did lettering there for for three years.

A SERIOUS ACCIDENT

The many friends of Ruth Weisbrod were shocked to hear of her sudden death recently. She died as a result of injuries sustained in an automobile accident several weeks ago, near Minneapolis. During the time that she attended East High and also Drake University she was much admired by her fellow students. Her friendly spirit and conscientiousness in her studies made her many friends who were grieved at her death.



THE JANUARY CLASS

Many of the graduates of the class of this January, 1925, have started to work, are attending college, or are taking post graduate work here. It may interest you to know that—

Joe Story is working at the Iowa National Bank.

Ruth Foster is employed at the Bell Telephone Co.

Marguerite Murray is working for the Meredith publications.

Eugene Kuefner is employed at the Merchants Life Insurance Co.

William Chennell is visiting in California.

Eloise Remington is working in Dr. Schenk's office.

Amanda Burger is employed at the U. S. Fidelity and Guaranty Co.

Glen Wilson is working in the Legislature.

Jack Baker is employed at the People's Popular Monthly.

Harold Johnson and George Turbett are attending Drake.

Harry Hartwick is studying at the Cumming School of Art.

Ed Schlenker is working on his father's farm.

There are eighteen taking post-graduate work. They are: Carl Parks, Minette Paterson, Irma Swanson, Pauline Oglevie, Gorman Storey, Stanley Wilson, Sidney Corner, Sidney Griffiths, Margaret Groves, Dorothy Johnson, Elizabeth Johnson, Esther Hutt, Irene Anderson, Anna Presser, Lulu May Mason, Margaret Nutt, Irma Bailey and Edna Pearson.

AN ENVIABLE RECORD

When Jane Swanson graduated from East High her interest in the Spanish language led her to the University of California at Berkeley.

In connection with her college work she was sent to Mexico City to do some research work and it was partly because of her success in this task that she was given a fellowship to Spain. In Seville, Spain, she met Mr. Edward Everett Silvers, the American vice-consul to Spain, whom she married last December in this city. After her marriage she returned to Berkeley where she is continuing her college work. She expects to receive her Ph. D. degree this year, which will be a great honor. East High is very proud of the record that Miss Swanson has made.

DAN CUPID'S CONQUESTS

This department has been very interested in the many weddings which have been taking place in our East High family during the past few months. We are certain that these will be of interest to many of our readers.

Among the weddings of last autumn that of Marjorie Green and Burton Bristow was of state-wide interest.

Other autumn weddings include those of Ruby Crowe and Walter Kuefner, both graduates of East High; Marguerite Fischer and Donald Layman; Florence McGaffey and Morgan Woolgar; and Lucille Snyder and William Owens.

Another more recent wedding of state-wide interest was that of Gretchen Koenigsberger and Mr. Paul Culter of Jefferson, Iowa.

The wedding of Lucille Caple and Byron Johnson was also of prominence. The couple were both graduated from East High, and Mr. Johnson was a member of the 1923 football squad.

Other weddings which occurred recently are those of Hazel Kathryn Engstrom and John C. Hanson; Mary Crandall and Robert Elliott Simms; Letha Mac Green and Philip Duvall; and Dorothea Urfer and Kenneth H. Bean.

(Editor's note—Since there are nearly three hundred graduates each year, it is practically impossible to keep track of all the alumni. The Alumni editor would be glad to receive any information for this department. Address him in care of the "Quill," East High School.)



EAST ALUMNI AT DES MOINES UNIVERSITY

(Editor's Note—The following article reached the Quill through the courtesy of the editor of the "Highlander." The Alumni editor of the Quill wishes to thank him for his cooperation.)

East High School students have won prominence in Des Moines U. in almost every phase of university life: scholarship, leadership, athletics, dramatics, journalism, and social life.

In the senior class, Alice Olson is perhaps the most outstanding East alumna. She is very prominent in the musical world of the university. Miss Olson is vice president of Delta Omicron, national musical sorority, and a member of Pi Kappa Phi, social sorority. She is secretary of the senior class, and one of the three student members on the board of entertainments. She is one of the six students elected to the Pep Club of the university. She is also active in W. A. A. work.

In the junior class are three East High people who are prominent, Ruth Spry, Orval Armstrong and Dorothy Jastram. Ruth Spry won prominence in the forensic field. Last year she was the winner of the hundred dollar debating prize as well as a member of the university team. This year, she is again out for debating work, and will undoubtedly be one of the three girls who will represent the university in the planned southern debating trip. She is a member of Pi Kappa Delta, national forensic fraternity, and of the Mortar and Pestle, Pharmacy Club, and the Women's Athletic Organization. Orval Armstrong has given service to the school in many ways. Until his resignation several weeks ago, he was president of the Pep Club and a student member of the Athletic Board, the Social Board, and the Board of Student Organizations. He is a business manager of the Highlander, the school weekly, and the student directory which is to be published soon. Dorothy Jastram is serving her second year as editor of the Highlander. She is also editing the student directory. Miss Jastram is vice president of Phi Kappa Delta, national honorary forensic fraternity, and is out for debating this year. She is president of the Scribblers, the journalism club, and secretary of Tau Phi Xo, social sorority. She is a member of the Student Council, the Doublet and Hose Dramatic Club, Aelio Literary Society, and W. A. A. She also serves as vice president in the two press associations of which the Highlander is a member, the Iowa College Press Association, and the North Central Press Association. She was winner of first place in the essay division of the literary contest recently held in the school.

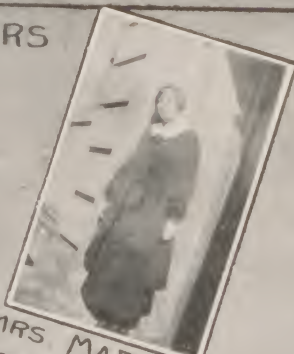
Those who are outstanding in the sophomore class are Paul Little, who has done fine work for the school on the gridiron. He was elected captain of next year's eleven at a meeting just previous to Christmas vacation. He is a Sigma Phi Kappa fraternity man. Letha Hostetter is an active member of Doublet and Hose, Tau Phi Xi, Home Economics Club, and will be one of the cast of the Doublet and Hose presentation of "Maggie Pepper" in late January. She served as circulation manager of the Highlander for the past semester. Maurine King is president of Tau Phi Xi, a member of the Scribbler's Club, a member of Doublet and Hose Dramatic Club, Zetaethian Literary Society, and the Highlander staff. She is publicity manager of the Primarians. She is also vice president of the sophomore class. Margaret Gruener does her work in the journalism field. She is a member of the Highlander staff and vice president of the Scribbler's Club. She recently won first prize in the poetry section of a literary contest held by the Highlander. Virginia Patterson and Ruth Canine are prominent in the musical circles of the university. Both girls are members of the national honorary sorority, Delta Omicron.

The freshmen representing East High have not yet struck their stride. Alixe Park is affiliated with the Tau Phi Xi sorority, Leona Rockholtz with the Pi Kappa Phi and Wilma Helstrom with the Tau Phi Xi.

THE TRAINERS
AND
THE
RESULTS



DUKE



MRS MAFFIT



"50 POINT" GIRLS



"150 POINT" GIRLS



BEFORE AND AFTER
IN
ATHLETICS



"SCOTTY"



"DAD"



Athletics



THE BASKET BALL LETTER MEN

This year East High will award twenty-one basketball monograms; six of these will be double ringers. The members of each team who have played five out of the possible eight games are entitled to the monograms.

These are the ones to wear the monograms: On the A team—Richard Rice, Duane Winter, Dwight McCaughan, R. Warren Fisher, and Anthony Olls. On the B team—Harold Carlson, Keith Kernaham, Chester Erickson, Harry Lindblom, and Lloyd Lansrude. On the C team—Louis Rich, Arthur Borg, Ray Keasy, Joe Anchor, and Ivor Williby. On the D team—Dean Lightfoot, Welcher Ulrich, Joe Andriano, Ivan Thompson, George Gibson, and Jack Wickham.

The six who receive the double ring monograms are, in the order of the teams: Duane Winter, R. Warren Fisher, Harold Carlson, Chester Erickson, Harry Lindblom, and Louis Rich.

All the boys earned their monograms by hard work on the gym floor and East High is very proud of her emblem bearers.

SOME COMMENTS ON THE BASKET SHOOTERS

Many of the basketball players did excellent work and deserve special mention.

On the A team, Richard Rice could usually be counted on to sink a basket when one was needed. Anthony Olls played a good defensive game and kept the score from piling too high in favor of the opponents. Harry Lindblom played a good game for the B team. He could be relied on to get the ball away from the danger zone around our basket and every now and then he would add to East's score. Harold Carlson was good at shooting baskets and his points aided in many a pinch. Louis Rich played a fast game for the C team, being at his best at the start of the season. Arthur Borg played very well in all the games. For the D team, Dean Lightfoot, Welcher Ulrich, and Joe Andriano all played well. Dean and Welcher were both good shots and Joe Andriano, center, played a hard, consistent game.

ATHLETICS VS PEP

The reason for the former athletic successes of East High is PEP. Of course this pep is shown in various ways. The football team expresses it by touchdowns, the basketball quintets endeavor to show it by making baskets, and the other branches of sports show it in their winnings.

Too much can never be said about peppy backing of our teams. Here is an example of what I mean: about thirty-five students were sitting in the bleachers in the gym watching the freshman A team play one of our rivals. The game was not especially fast and no one was holding his breath. One of our yell leaders came in to watch the game, noticed the lack of interest, and began to yell encouragement to our team. Immediately the seat warmers on the bleachers awoke. Yell after yell came lustily from the side lines and the team woke up. The speed of the game nearly doubled.

Now answer this question: What besides peppy backing could have so encouraged the team and enlivened the spirit of the players?



THE SWIMMING TEAM

East High is going to have another good swimming team this year. The team has already swum three meets and won three. There are two more to swim; one of these is the city championship meet.

On Saturday, the 24th of January, the team went to Iowa City for a dual meet with University High. Most of the regular team was ineligible for this meet. The winning score for East High was 41 to 27 and two new state records were set. William Chennell, former captain of the team, set a new record in the 100-yard breast stroke, swimming the distance in 1:19 5-10 seconds; George Garton, present captain, set a new record of 2:35 8-10 seconds in the 220-yard dash. All the other members of the team did well.

On Friday, February 13th, our regular team defeated West High 58 to 9 in the first city meet. In this meet East took every first place and every second place except one. Although no sensational time was made, we beat West High the worst any Des Moines school has ever been beaten in a swimming meet.

Friday, February 20th, North High was defeated 39 to 29. In swimming this meet the relay team, composed of Henry, Walker, Garton, and Burch, set a new state record of 1:26 flat for the 160-yard course. Roosevelt High set the same record on the same evening, so East and Roosevelt are joint possessors of this record.

We have two more meets, one with Roosevelt on March 6th and the city championship contest on March 13th and 14th. Our team stands a very good chance of winning these meets and with them the undisputed championship of Des Moines—this means that the swimming cup in the trophy case will remain.

George Garton.

OUR TRACK PROSPECTS

East High's hopes for a winning track team this coming season are very promising. With seventeen boys of last year's team back in school Coach Hoyt, with the backing of the student body, should develop a winning team. As all the seventeen boys are eager to bring glory to East High, everyone is awaiting the coming of good weather so that outdoor work will be permissible. With Porter in the half-mile, Wartberg in the mile, Lindbloom in the broad jump, and Lansrude in the pole vault as sure point winners, much is expected of the team.

The seventeen boys are as follows:

100-yard—Lagerquist, Turner, Fisher, Williby.

220-yard—Lagerquist, Turner, Fisher, Williby.

440-yard—Lindbloom, Hauge.

880-yard—Porter, Tamasi, Thompson.

Mile—Wartberg, Olls.

Broad jump—Lindbloom.

High jump—Winters, Rice, Widmayer.

Pole vault—Lansrude, Marohn, Irris.

Although there is a large number of experienced boys anxious to make the team, there is a good chance for other boys placing. It is certain that the above named boys are not unbeatable. Any boy wishing to try for the team should report to Coach Hoyt at the beginning of the season. The new boys will be given the same chance as the old members.

Prospero Tamasi.

SPRING FOOTBALL

Several years have passed since East High has been in the running for the state football championship. To avoid all possible excuses for not winning the title next



season, Coach Hoyt is planning spring football for the purpose of teaching the players all the rudiments of the game ahead of time.

At present special football meetings are being held in the gym every Friday afternoon, at which time many of the fine points of the game are taught. Later on, the number of meetings will be increased and continued until warm weather arrives. Suits will then be issued, and regular football practice will be the main order of the day.

Any boy who has played football, or who desires to play football, is invited to attend the meetings in the gym at 2:30 p. m. every Friday.

Prospero Tamasi.

THE GYM CLASSES

Before the semester started each student was examined and placed in a class for physical correction. There are classes for students with one or two plus posture and classes for those who are underweight. The student who is normal is excused from taking any gym. The one plus and underweight groups meet two days a week; the two plus group meets three days a week.

Mr. Williams, our physical director, is conducting the classes in a way that is liked by most of the students. A class in which the corrective work consists only of calisthenics tires the student and causes him to dislike that exercise. The time in Mr. William's classes is now divided between calisthenics and fun. Such things as Indian wrestling, tug of war, and Swiss wrestling take place. In this way each student corrects his posture defects and has fun besides.

William Kennedy.

THE TENNIS SEASON IS APPROACHING

In a little while it will be time for the tennis players to hunt up their rackets and begin to slam the tennis balls. Every one who has ever played tennis or who would like to learn is invited to come out for instruction. Mr. Williams is in charge of the tennis team and those who are planning to come out should report to him.

The team will be picked by the results of a tournament in the school, every player playing every other player. It has been planned to give a monogram to those tennis players who fill certain requirements. If every tennis player in East High will come and try for the team, East will have her most successful tennis season and some more cups will go into the trophy case.

VIEW THIS IN YOUR MIND

Last night I dreamed a dream; it was a "sure nuff" dream. I was watching a track meet at the East High stadium. A program was handed to me with these representatives of East High listed:

100-yard dash	Morton
220-yard dash	Astor
220-yard high hurdles	Hoyt
220-yard low hurdles	Beard
440-yard dash	Gilbert
Pole vault	Bennett
High jump	Lyman
Running broad jump	"Scotty"
Discus throw	Burton
Shot put	Irvin
Half mile	Wisdom
Mile run	Houser



Pretty soon the announcer's voice came thundering along the bleachers, "A new record has just been set. Bennett, in the pole vault, cleared the bar at 16 feet, measured from the bottom of the hole which he made when he lit."

Just then I awoke.

EAST WILL HAVE A GOOD GOLF TEAM

Plans have been made this year to present monograms to our golf players who fill certain requirements. Several awards were won by East High boys last year in meets, but as yet no monogram has been given.

The more boys who come out, the bigger and better the team will be and the more chance we will have for the city championship. Every one who can play be sure to come out and help beat Roosevelt and the other schools.

Mr. Hostetter has charge of the golf team and any who wish to try for the team should report to him for instruction and practice.

WHAT THE GIRLS ARE DOING

The majority of the members of the Girls' Athletic League have been earnestly endeavoring, for the past year, to attain a sufficient number of points to grant them their numerals. Three girls, Dorothy Lindberg, Mildred Field, and Lorena Cowell have already been awarded numerals for 1924. Louise Berner, Frances Goldinson, Mildred Parsons, Madge Roberts, Louise McCaughan, and Helen Venn are the six girls who have succeeded in winning 150 points which entitles them to their numerals for 1925. The only girl who has won the 300 points needed to secure a monogram is Lorena Cowell.

Numerals (awarded for 150 points) are won by the average girl in about four semesters. Six semesters is the usual length of time required to win the monogram awarded for 300 points. Fidelity, tenacity of purpose, and good sportsmanship are three qualities a girl must have before she can hope to win an athletic award.

WHAT A GIRL MAY CHOOSE IN ATHLETICS

Time and temperature have no confining bands on the scope of sports in which the Girls' Athletic League may indulge. Spring, fall and winter are all equally abundant with peppy, health-giving activities.

Although the Girls' Athletic League does not uphold rivalry in girls' sports, there is quite keen competition between the snappy baseball teams in the spring; soccer is another game the girls take much interest in during the first warm days; the lure of the open road calls strongly to the hikers when the first pussy-willows are found; spring tennis is popular among the girls because it gets them in trim for the summer games. It is not unusual to see league girls on the golf links wielding a driver.

Fall is really the best and most popular time for hiking; horseback riding is also indulged in at this time; hockey is a fine game for fall and can be played until the cold weather comes; the tennis courts are the scenes of many "round robins" and all the girls try to improve their game in hope of making the tennis team. Girls gain many points by roller skating, bicycling, and boating during the fall days.

Winter's ice and snow provide liberal chances for gaining points; some of the most courageous hikers keep up their records during the coldest weather; ice skating and coasting are the major outdoor sports; the swimming pool is a place of splashing activity all winter; points are given for perfection in swimming. Mrs. Maffit supervises folk dancing and volley ball in the gymnasium, and many girls work on the apparatus during the winter.

From this extensive list of sports it is plain that each girl has a chance to excel in any chosen activity, or become an all round athlete.



Banter



1925

SPECIAL MODEL

Wouldn't there be a grand dash if just one male possessed the following charms?

Miles Sharpnack's—dancing.
Paul Joseph's—eyes.
Jerry Curran's—hair.
Ray Shope's—car.
Johnny Hoff's—laugh.
Jimmy McGrevey's—style.
Gene Gray's—good humor.
Wilbur Pricer's—voice.
Sherman Greene's—complexion.
Clarence Borg's—clothes.
Allen Ackerson's—nose.
Jack Wickham's—mouth.
Ernie Porter's—smile.

Wouldn't there be a mad rush if just one female possessed the following charms?

Emily Albrecht's—dancing.
Rita Novinger's—eyes.
Louise Burnett's—hair.
Elizabeth Saunders'—car.
Marjorie Slininger's—laugh.
Mary Hayne's—style.
Louise Frame's—good humor.
Fawnie Grey's—voice.
Marjorie Gustafson's—complexion.
Nell Johnson's—clothes.
Maudie West's—nose.
Jean Beyer's—mouth.
Lillian Bradley's—pep.

YE OLDE TYME MUSIC SHOPPE

Ye Olde Tyme Music Shoppe has just received a new shipment of late records and sheet music.

The following are some of the most popular hits:

What'll I Do	Students before tests
Linger Awhile	Teachers to some seniors
Too Tired	To study
The Pal That I Love Stole the Gal That I Love	Gene Griffith
In the Evening	Wilbur Pricer
Give Me a June Night	Marian Brann
Old Familiar Faces	The faculty
All Alone	Waldemar Illian
Our Best Girl	Marjorie Gustafson
Inchin' Along	The freshmen

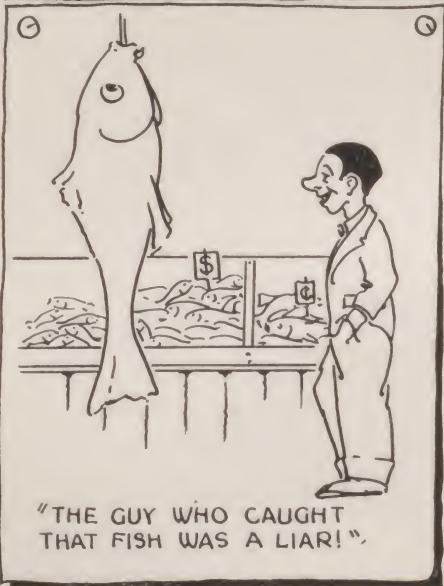
HEARD IN THE FRONT HALL

"My dear, last night I met the most divine egg I have ever witnessed. He's a porcupine's quills, all of them. He has the biggest shoulders; they're too cute for words, and his eyes and nose are quite gorgeous, just gorgeous. Does he dance well? A regular St. Vitus, I mean to tell you. And not only that, my dear, he plays a saxophone like an angel out of heaven. He's the oil works all right."

The essence of simplicity, dearie, and so easy for any old oil-can to understand.

CUCKOO.

LAFF IT OFF!



Spring Suits

Style headquarters for
the young men of East
High, feature all-wool
suits from leading mak-
ers---every new style,
fabric and color---

With Two Pair of Pants

Doubling the Life of the Suit at

\$24.50

\$29.50

\$34.50

*See our Snappy
New Topcoats!*

—ESTABLISHED 1883—
THE GARFIELD
EAST SIXTH AND LOCUST
GOOD CLOTHES FOR MEN, YOUNG MEN AND BOYS

SO THINKETH DUMB DORA

"Horse power is the distance one horse can carry one pound of water in one hour."

"Bigamy is when a man tries to serve two masters."

"Magna Charta said that the King had no right to bring soldiers into a lady's house and tell her to mind them."

"Panama is a town of Colombo, where they are trying to make an isthmus."

"Wolsey saved his life by dying on the way from New York to London."

"Columbus came to America to spread the gospel."

"The Hawaiian Islands are situated on the Mississippi between New York and London."

"A grass widow is the wife of a dead vegetarian."

"Gravitation is that which if there were none we should all fly away."

"Louis XVI was gelatined during the French Revolution."

"Letters in sloping print are hysterics."

"Egyptian mummies were dried in the sun, like raisins."

"Caesar of Strasbourg bothered France." (Seizure of Strasbourg by France.)

"A boycott is a little bed."

"An economic good is, 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.'"

"Having heard that you are a skillful portrait painter, I have come to have myself done in oil."

"He lifted an eyelash at Rowena and was making love to her."



"What makes you think Mah Jongg would never do in the army?"

"Every time anybody yelled 'chow!' the players would get up and run."

The one gift that strengthens friendship—that is always appreciated—that is the universal custom at graduation time—

Your Photograph—

A. O. Harper
Photographer

Maple 1776

518 East Locust

Style Made Men



Every young man is the moulder of his own success--but men who have succeeded know that good appearance is a powerful asset.

Style starts with the suit--here are stylish suits in the new Spring ideas in Models, Fabrics, Colors and Patterns at only

\$25 -- \$30 -- \$35 -- \$40

Let us show them to you

**Hansen & Hansen Clothing
Company**

The Men and Boys' Store of East Des Moines

THE SONG OF THE SHORTER CALENDAR

Our hero was the common sort, when all is said and done,
He worked his head off daily and was out to get the
MON.

The reason for the diligence was commonplace, 'tis true—
He tried to swell his salary so it would suffice for
TUE.

And maybe that's the reason why one day he lost his head
And falling on his knees, he cried, "Oh, maiden, wilt thou
WED?"

He may have thought this sudden, but it seemed not so to her,
She lisped a quick acceptance and said forcibly, "Yeth,
THUR."

But when they went to keeping house he feared that he should die;
For oh, that modern maid could neither bake nor
FRI.

She could not run a bungalow, or even run a flat,
So on many sad occasions in a restaurant they
SAT.

But he forgave her everything—as man has always done,
When she presented him one day a bouncing baby
SUN.

HOW COME ?



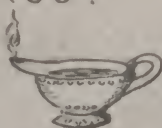
VANITY



A SCRAP



GLAD TO LEAVE -
US ?



ON GUARD



LOOKING FOR - ?



"SPREADING
THE
NEWS"



TO OUR MAIL SUBSCRIBERS

Does THE QUILL have your correct mailing address?

Do you know of any subscriber not receiving his copy of the magazine?

The Business Staff wants to have the mailing list correct. We will appreciate your assistance in giving us the above information.

IF I WERE A MAN

If I were a man I'd buy a girl some candy once in a while, and flowers, too.

I wouldn't ask her to a show unless I could get the best seats in the house.

I'd ask her to a dance at least two weeks ahead of time so she could have the pleasure of anticipation.

I'd tell her all the nice things the other fellows said about her.

In fact, if I were a man, I'd be just wonderful to a girl and I'd be just crazy about me.

College Comics.

Finish Your Course at East, Then:

prepare for real business independence by taking an advanced commercial course at the C. C. C. C.

For more than forty years we have trained young people for business life. Thousands of the prominent, successful men and women of Des Moines and the Middle West are C. C. C. C. graduates. Hundreds of East High graduates have received their technical training in our school.

We combine the personal and class methods of instruction and are thus able to care for beginning students each Monday.

Our catalogs free upon request.



The Emblem
of the
Efficient School

Capital City Commercial College

1010 GRAND AVENUE

Fully accredited by the National Association of Accredited Commercial Schools.

The Ten Demandments of Clothing

They Are

- 1—Tailoring
- 2—Style
- 3—Fabrics
- 4—Fit
- 5—Finish
- 6—Durability
- 7—Wearability
- 8—Quality
- 9—Versatility
- 10—Value

*These Are the Things
That Utica Clothes Live By!*

THE UTICA
L. & A. FRIEDLICH CO.

"Iowa's Greatest Apparel Store"

Saint Peter: "You say you edited the Quill?"

Ernie: "Yes, St. Peter."

Saint Peter: "Step into the elevator."

Ernie: "How soon does it go up?"

St. Peter: "It doesn't go up; it goes down."

◆ ◆ ◆

From "Evangeline"—

Silently, one by one, in the infinite
meadows of heaven

Blossom the lovely stars, the forget-me-
nots of the angels.

For us—

Silently, one by one, in the infinite note-
books of teachers

Blossom the lovely zeros, the forget-me-
nots of the seniors.

◆ ◆ ◆

EPITAPHS

Here lie the bones of William Ash;
He was the last in the 50-yard dash.

Here are the remains of Elmer Hall;
He walked too close to the horses' stall.

Here is the body of Sherman Greene;
He was center of our football team.

PARODIES

Breathes there a kid with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
I hope my teacher's home in bed?

Breathes there a student with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
I hope to live to see the date
When little I gets to graduate?

◆ ◆ ◆

A SLIGHT MISTAKE

First Soph.: "The gym is terribly
crowded this year."

Second Soph.: "Yeh, last week I put
my best sock on some other guy's foot."

◆ ◆ ◆

Charlotte: "Is your Packard friend
coming tonight?"

Marjorie: "No."

Charlotte: "Henry?"

Marjorie: "No; this is Willy's
Knight."

◆ ◆ ◆

Madge Roberts: "Is the man without
a country on your desk?"

Miss Brody: "I don't see him."

◆ ◆ ◆

Bob: "I've got'n idea!"

Susie: "Be good to it; it's in a
strange place."

We will Develop and Print

FREE

one roll of films
to introduce you to our Kodak
Finishing Department
if you will bring this ad with
you

Ask to see samples of our
Enlargements
done by experts
A complete stock
of

BROWNIE KODAKS

\$2.00 and up

Also

EASTMAN'S Folding Style

\$6.50 and up

Take a Kodak with you

**Hopkins-McKee
Sporting Goods Co.**

Walnut 21 412 Seventh Street
DES MOINES, IOWA

*Iowa's Foremost Athletic
Outfitters*

What did William Bagg?
 How sharp is Irena Blades?
 Has Lucille Bliss?
 Would Clarence Bolt 'er?
 Why did Donald Buck?
 Where did Jean Byers?
 Is Doyle Champion?
 Does Winifred Cram?
 What are Frances' Deeds?
 Does Glenn Deal?
 Is Elmer De Ford?
 Is Thelma Frank?
 How was Fern Friday?
 Is Virginia Gay?
 Is Rovine Gold?
 Is Cecil Good-rich?
 Why is Lee Green?
 Is Fawnie Gray?
 Where is Howard Hall?
 Why is Marty Hasty?
 O Gee Hauge!
 Is Vincent a Hollander?
 Why does Vaughn Cook?
 Does Harry Lind-bloom?
 Yes, Willard Mabec.
 Then Irma May.
 Did Janice Park?
 Is David A. Pidgeon?
 Is Louis Rich?
 What makes Irene Rudy?
 Has Miles A. Sharpneck?
 Is Marietta Stillwell?
 Did Walter, Tew?
 Does Clarence Tingle?
 Is Flossie A. Wall?
 Was Georgia Ina Ward?
 Where is Gretchen Wool-ford?
 Was James White?
 Is Robert Wright?
 When was Eliza Young?



SCIENTIFIC ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN

If she gets mad—Control 'er.
 If she won't talk—Excite 'er.
 If she talks too much—Interrupt 'er.
 If she gets up in the air—Condense 'er.
 If she wants chocolates—Feed 'er.
 If she eats too much—Reduce 'er.
 If she will come halfway—Meet 'er.
 If she will come all the way—Receive 'er.
 If she can't sing—Tune 'er.
 If you think she is unfaithful—Detect 'er.
 If you can't stick to one girl—Alternate 'er.
 If you make a mistake—Compensate 'er.

Harris-Emery's



"Youth must be served," quotes Dame Fashion as she presents

Winnie Winkle Skirts

for the exclusive use of the girl in her teens. The suspender idea is borrowed from her brother, feminized and attached to an otherwise bothersome skirt. Result—a charming youthful effect and increased comfort and ease.

Smart and sportive in scarlet and green. Lovely in pastel blue, rose or soft tan. And only

\$10

Broadcloth Blouses, 1.98—in white, boyish tailored style; or peasant styles of voile with new neckline treatments and snug fitting cuffs.

Harris-Emery's--Third Floor

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Business Department wishes to announce an ad contest to the members of the Quill business staff. The person turning in the greatest amount of advertising for the commencement issue of the Quill will be given a Quill pin as prize. The second prize will be a subscription to the Quill for the year 1925-26.

FORMULA FOR TURNING ATHLETES INTO CAKE-EATERS

Get up just in time for breakfast. Chew gum all forenoon while in class. Devour at least three candy bars immediately after lunch. Pick out some girl and car ride until time for her next class; while riding, get her dated for the evening. When back at school, get some crony and together skip afternoon classes and go down town for a lark. Arrive at home just in time for dinner, hastily eat and get ready for the evening. Go around for the fair one and head for some dance. Take her home at about 11:00 p. m. Hunt up a pal round by the drug store corner, then go down town and play pool till 1:00 a. m. Head for home and get there about 2:00 a. m. Count your empty cartons and make sure you have smoked at least four packages during the day and evening. After diling your hair and putting on a tight fitting skull cap, go to sleep and dream of *her*.

Sport Apparel Leads in Smartness

The mode leans towards simplicity, and the truest exponent of simplicity is sports apparel. Appropriate for every hour of the day, for its simple smartness is always in good taste. Frocks, one and two piece models. Coats, trim and slim. Sweaters and skirts in the manner of Chanel. Blouses and sports hats, and the individual accessories that lend distinction to the ensemble. In all the favored fabrics and colors, moderate in price.



Younker Brothers

Another Popular
Way of Saying
Style Headquarters
for Hi-Schoolers

is just,

Frankel's

A WISH

Give us back the old days
Of the dangling tresses,
When the men wore pants
And the women dresses.

When the women didn't dance
All night at a hop,
And hold down the chairs
In a barber shop—

When folks never rode in
A rattling tin can,
But made love in a buggy
Instead of a sedan!

When women wore skirts
Over at Pablo Beach,
And a girl was a girl
Instead of a peach.

Red and Black.

We appreciate your patronage and strive to merit your confidence



Dry Goods and Ready-to-wear
510-512 East Locust Street

THIS IS DIFFERENT!

I don't often get riled
When the barber says, "Child,
Your neck needs a shave and massage."
Nor do I get peeved,
My car won't come out the garage.
When without by-my-leave

But there's one thing I say,
And it's true every day,
Whenever I'm in a big rush,
Though I've tried every kind,
After each time I've dined,
My tooth paste won't stay on the brush!



A southern colored woman calls her
little boy "Prescription."

"What an odd name," someone said to
her. "Why do you call him that?"

"Ah call him dat, becous Ah has such
hard work getting him filled."



Boy: "Can you be two places at
once?"

Mr. Peterson: "Yes, some of you are
here in body, but your thoughts are with
Susie's car."

C. C. TAFT CO.

WHOLESALE

Fruits

Candies

Cigars

ALSO

Nucoa

*The Perfect Spread
for Bread*

RADIO

Sets--Parts--Service

BICYCLES

Excelsior DeLuxe

Best Bike in America

Motorcycles

Henderson 4-Cylinder

DeLuxe

New Super 45 Twin

H. W. KING

Mkt. 884

415 W. 8th St.

John: "How did your father know
you used the car last night?"

Cecil: "Well, er—er—you see, I ran
over him."



He: "I had a funny dream last
night."

She: "What was it?"

He: "I dreamed that I was eating
shredded wheat and when I woke up half
the mattress was gone."



Holeproof hosiery, when properly
worn, makes an excellent container for
hubby's pay envelope.

If the gas goes off, don't curse the gas
company; put another quarter in the
meter.

Don't throw coffee grounds out. Dry
them in the oven and serve them to
Friend Husband as grape-nuts.



Warren Fisher (trying to see through a
deep problem in Physics): "If the au-
thor of this book is Dull, I wonder what
we are?"

Wingates, Costumers

Where East High students
find a warm welcome

543 Fifth

Market 971

"Just Big Enough to Serve You Right"
ANDERSONS
EAST SIXTH AND GRAND AVE.

FURNITURE EASY TERMS

HEARD IN ENGLISH

Miss Wood: "Now take this sentence,
'Let the cow out of the lot.' What
mood?"

Harold: "The cow!"

◆ ◆ ◆

First Flapper: "That conductor glared
at me as if I hadn't paid my fare."

Second Flapper: "What did you do?"

First Flapper: "I glared back at him
as if I had."

"A wise man never blows his knows,"
saith Socrates.

◆ ◆ ◆

Jack W.: "Shall we waltz?"

Frances F.: "It's all the same to me."

Jack: "Yes, I noticed that."

HOME TALENT

Time: 12:15 a. m.

Characters: Mr. Jones, Mrs. Jones.

Mrs.: "What's that!"

Mr.: "It sounds like—"

Mrs.: "I'm so nervous."

Mr. sits erect, turns the knob carefully, and listens attentively.

Mrs.: "There the noise is again!"

Mr. (hoarsely): "Could it be?"

Mrs.: "Sh-sh-sh!"

Mr.: "Leave that switch alone!"

Mrs. strains her ears for further sound.

Silence.

Mr. almost leaps to his feet.

Mrs.: "John, be careful."

Mr.: "I will, dear—"

Mrs.: "O John, it sounds like—"

Mr.: "Be quiet!"

Mrs. Screams: "Oh—"

Mr.: "Oh, heck—WHO instead of PWX!"

Silence.

Dorothy Burrows.

WOODY TIRE CO.

1111 Locust St.

Phone Market 979

MANSFIELD TIRES

Cost Less Per Mile

Vulcanizing

Day-Fan Radio

L. W. HOLLEY & SONS CO.

Stationers

Printers

Marking Device Makers

100-102 E. Grand Ave. Market 2516

Wright & Bratton

PRINTERS

PRINTING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

519 East Grand
PHONE 936 MAPLE

J. H.: "What kind of a watch is that?"

C. G.: "That's a wonder watch."

J. H.: "A wonder watch?"

C. G.: "Yes, I look at it, and wonder what time it is."—Exchange.



While electing Student Council representative in Miss Wickware's home room—

Miss Wickware: "Sophomores would probably be better."

A freshman is nominated.

The Freshman: "I will have to decline the nomination because I'm not legible!" (eligible).



Mr. Peterson: "Go in there and bring me one of those pasteboard boxes."

Olive W.: "In where?"

Mr. Peterson: "Oh, in that room where we studied light in the dark."

He did not heed the teacher,
But danced ahead pell-mell;

His lessons he forget to get,
He ne'er did hear the bell,

For each and every morning
He was always late to school,

Which made the teachers sigh, and say
"He surely is a fool."



Mr. Hoyt: "How do you address the secretary of the navy?"

Rita: "Why, 'Your warship,' of course."



The ancient Greeks enjoyed a blessing—
Their trousers never needed pressing;
But to their joy some gloom attacks—
They had no place to strike their match.

A. B. Odgen

P. W. Hedlund



704½ Walnut

Phone Wal. 3939

IN DEEP

Northerner: "Pretty mild winters you have down here."

Southerner: "Mild! Do you call two feet of snow mild?"

Northerner: "Two feet! Say, man, the snow was so deep in our country last winter that the farmers had to jack up their cows to milk 'em."



Sarah Thomas: "The idea of your working steady eight hours a day. I would not think of such a thing!"

Marguerite Murray (now a stenographer): "Neither would I. It was the boss that thought of it."



WHICH ONE?

I know a boy and his name is Gene,
He's not a sheik, but he sure is mean,
And every night he can be seen
At some snappy show—with only Gene.



In the gloaming, oh, my darling,
When the lights are dim and low,
That your face is powdered, painted,
How am I, sweetheart, to know?

Twice this month I've had to bundle
Every coat that I possess
To the cleaners. Won't you, darling,
Love me more and powder less?



Mrs. Alderson: "What is marginal utility?"

Glen Miller: "Something of the last unit."

Mrs. A.: "Illustrate."

Glen: "Well, when you eat dinner, the last bite is the marginal utility."

Jealous maiden (to rival with skinny beau): "Well, I see you're planning to have a new feller."

"Watcha mean, planning to?"

"Well, I see you've got the framework!"



Mr. Peterson: "How far does sound travel?"

Dorothy Cahill: "Scandal, 1,000 yards per second; flattery, 500 yards per second; truth, 10 yards per second; alarm clock, hardly one foot."



The world is young and likes to laugh,
New jokes are hard to find;
A whole new editorial staff
Can't tickle every mind.

So if you see some ancient joke
Decked out in modern guise;
Don't frown and call the thing a fake,
Just laugh—don't be too wise.



Mr. Lyman (in Biology): "What insect lives on the least food?"

Bright pupil: "The moth. It eats holes."





